

(32) Just to remind all of you once again, it is in fact a federal crime to lie to a federal court, directly pursuant to the fact the federal courts are both civil and criminal. Judge Means even had the nerve to complain, while attacking me over the filing of '*Motion For Reconsideration.*' For Means to in fact claim that this matter was criminal, and should be handled by the federal authorities, and in fact did not belong in his court, was **ABSURD**. This singular fact should have immediately removed Judge Means from the bench and should have triggered a federal criminal investigation, and thus...**this matter would have ended in 2009, thirteen (13) years ago.**

(33) Federal Judge Sam Lindsay's '*Case Memorandum*' is in fact material evidence of judicial misconduct through improper communication to opposing counsel. Statements contained within the memorandum appear nowhere in any of the court filings, and would have only been known to the court through outside improper contact between DeHay & Elliston and Judge Lindsay. Some of the comments were made during casual chit chat while sitting at DeHay & Elliston before the start of a status meeting, A few months later out of desperation that Pam would lose the case, Pamela suddenly became afraid of me, and slanderously filed a '*Motion For Order of Protection.*' When Lindsay saw that the Federal Magistrate saw this for the garbage that it was, Lindsay began angrily screaming at the Bailiff to go get the Magistrate and bring him before him immediately. It was very clear at that moment that the scam was on, and the way that Lindsay stared at Chief Counsel Pamela Williams, that I was getting royally and wholly **SCREWED!**

(34) Stunningly, the '*Federal Agent*' thugs knew details of the Art Brender email, proving that they were coached to use this act of spying on a '*Federal Whistleblower*' crime victim in order to protect Democrat corruption and thus this crime needs to be thoroughly vetted and investigated.

(35) I was threatened with a nasty retort of, "*We Will Ruin You Forever If You Bring This To The Courts!*" As if the nauseatingly corrupt R.I.C.O. Democrats had not already achieved that level of material destruction of my entire life after already stripping me of **everything?** WTF?

(36) The FBI remaining silent to this day, now maliciously and criminally aid and abets the Democrat FDA in the criminal concealment of all of Rockline's sickened and murdered children.

(37) Met with incredulity, I stated: According to The Federal Rule of Law, once Gary Elliston built upon the perpetual and intentional life-long Bullware attack, it propagated a series of federal crimes that explicitly led to the injury and deaths of still FDA/FBI/DOJ concealed children, and since their is NO STATUTE OF LIMITATION ON MURDER, THE CRIMES THAT TOM HILL HELPED BULLWARE AND THE JOHNSON COUNTY CRIMINALS PERPETRATE, ARE STILL CURRENT AND ONGOING PROSECUTABLE CRIMES.

(38) We discussed that this proves to Congressman Stewart, the simple fact that you so-called "*Federal Agents*" were aware of my email response to the Art Brender Lawfirm, is proof beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am being spied upon by the U.S. Gov./Google/NSA and Democrats.

(39) This three (3) decade long case of intentional FBI malice that exposes both Texas State corruption involving two (2) Texas Governors and a Texas A.G., all the way to DC involving no less than two (2) U.S. Presidents including all of the criminal conspirators & abusers in-between. **This case is SO FOUL**, it will immortalize all of these criminals in print for centuries to come.

(40) I was screamed at and warned to stop threatening the United States Government, but if the Government had nothing to hide, then the Democrats would not be responding with such vicious, vindictive, and desperate measures to retaliate their way out of corruption exposure. The threat of reprisal then turned to actually claiming that if I brought unwanted attention to myself, then I would surely be indicted by the January 6th committee since the thugs were stunningly aware of my '*Lame Duck*' letter to President Trump, and I would be charged with inciting a riot!

(41) There was no answer to, If the Democrats were innocent, then the case should go nowhere, which proves once again, only the guilty retaliate and threaten their crime victims, since people who are innocent, have nothing to hide, and thus only criminals who fear exposure, will risk everything to conceal what they are guilty of, **since they have everything to loose.**

(43) The "*Federal Agents*" kept staring at the large lateral file in the front hallway and the steel upright 1970's military filing cabinet in the living room, and even inquired to the total amount of filing cabinets in the home in what appears to be the need to confirm if I in fact have all of the documents that I claim to have collected. **For all of you, yes, I have decades of files.**

(44) The "*Federal Agents*" even had the nerve to claim that Judge Means' filing of a fake case pretending to be his crime victim in order to control the exposure of federal corruption was all nothing but a big misunderstanding! Then, '*Means was just doing me a favor by saving me the filing fee and re-filing pursuant to the Fraud Upon The Court Doctrine.*' Which is a bald faced lie. The case Defendant Means filed on was '*Avdeef v. The United States Department of Justice.*' The fact that the DOJ has **NEVER** been a previous Defendant, means that the Federal Fraud Doctrine would not apply to the DOJ, and the sheer fact that, **Means omitted all of the other Defendants**, would have prevented me from including them as Defendants since Judge Means would have controlled the decisions of amending the pleading to bring in additional Defendants.

(45) The mere fact that the "*Federal Agents*" were so well versed in the Judge Means scam and all four (4) of the federal cases and thus had such well prepared '*talking points*' for each of the acts of criminal judicial misconduct, means that they were not arguing the rule of law, or seeking any form of justice, they were sent to threaten me into submission and to vindictively scare me away from the courts so that the Democrats did not have to pay criminal restitution.

(46) Each time over the years when the FBI committed a federal offense by shredding each of my criminal reports, the FBI aided and abetted Rockline, CNA Insurance, all of the insurance company abusers, and the Democratic Party to continue to criminally conceal their collective crimes victims; and to protect the federal criminal conspiracy, "*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*" to continue to victimize the entire country and proceed forward with no legal hindrance and maliciously aid the FDA to hide all of the infection victims and continue to protect Rockline.

(47) The next conflict was, the "*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*" that would have NEVER been POSSIBLE TO LAUNCH by Gary Elliston if it were not for the FBI protecting the Johnson County Scam & the Fort Worth I.S.D. corruption scam that led to more than a decade of federal prosecutions. Thus, the FBI is in fact **CRIMINALLY RESPONSIBLE & LIABLE** for the current '*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*' for each and every sick & dead child/senior citizen that the FDA is still concealing in order to continue criminal protection of CNA/Rockline as DEM mega donors.

(48) I informed both Democrat thugs that I would be issuing material evidence subpoenas for Special Agent James B. Lamb's notes on the Johnson County federal probe, case notes on the Fort Worth I.S.D. federal criminal probe, and Special Agent Skillinstad's notes in where he threatened me at my kitchen table. Also, the notes for the still unknown FBI agents that Tamera Starke sent to my front door to threaten me, & all notes over the destruction of material evidence of the '*Global Theft*' of my Copyright/IP by U.S. Gov./NSA/DEM Spying Contractor Google.

(49) Now that the Democrats have played their last hand of threats and intimidation, it is going to be quite difficult for all of the criminal abusers to maintain the claim that I am some sort of lawsuit happy conspiracy theory kook that needs to be barred from the courts! Each of the federal criminal probes that I triggered led to criminal convictions, thus I have been proven correct over & over again, so Democrat talking points are now just an obscenely absurd JOKE!

(50) The so-called "*Federal Agents*" referred to the targets of my threats here in Texas (*such as the City of Fort Worth Civil Rights Scammers*) as "*Southern Dems.*" **This means that state corruption in Texas is only acceptable when it protects Southern Democrats!**

(51) The FBI has now aided and abetted D.A. Bullware in inflicting a **LIFE SENTENCE** that there is no reprieve from, by failing to expose the entire three (3) decades of FBI and DOJ corruption that was launched back when Texas was BLUE, and run by a series of corrupt Democrat Governors! Time always eventually exposes the TRUTH about all lies and all crimes.

(52) The thirty-three (33) years of FBI lies & malice is utterly stunning when you assemble it as a whole and you view it as a life destroyed without interruptions, only pain/suffering/misery.

(53) There is nothing more the Democrats can do to me, the only options left are death and prison, or both, considering as to just how lawless and criminalistic the Democrats actually are.

(54) I will be requesting the court to omit the required settlement hearings from the Federal Scheduling Order, directly pursuant to the fact that each and every impending Defendant has had multiple opportunities to resolve this criminal issue, to tell the truth, and to take financial responsibility for their criminal behavior, and **NOW**, because I am being threatened in person.

(55) Apparently once you have been scammed by a lawyer scheming/judicial misconduct scam, you are no longer allowed to speak or even defend yourself, and thus you are actually expected to commit suicide so that you no longer bother the criminals that lied their way out of every crime committed with the full assistance from the courts to destroy a court created Pro Se.

(56) **NOW IT IS TIME FOR A PRO SE LITIGANT PROTECTION DOCTRINE!** This will prevent lawyers and judges they bribe to cease using inflicted poverty as a weapon of silence and openly discriminating against the Constitutional Protection guaranteeing access to the courts.

(57) Just in case you were unaware, I wrote to FBI Director Wray several years ago, and therefore the FBI is fully and criminally culpable for everything that has happened since, and who needs to now answer to Congress over the Democrat campaign of retaliation that has stripped me of my entire career & personal life, that the FBI was present for each & every crime.

(58) The so-called “*Federal Agents*” were so focused on abusing the Fort Worth I.S.D. case to paint me as some sort of dishonest kook; they were shocked and almost horrified when I began listing off all the crimes that the FBI probe that I launched exposed, and all of the people that went to prison, such as Eldon Ray. They had never heard of Eldon Ray, thus proving that the FBI destroyed my criminal report, and that the Democrats are desperately cherry picking through all of the crimes that have been committed with FBI and DOJ approval against my family, they are attempting to twist, manipulate and abuse those crimes into painting a false narrative, just as they lie to the voting public, and blame everyone else for their political and Socialist failings of Dems.

(59) Current FBI Director Wray, Former Directors Comey and Mueller, are going to be called to the stand to explain as to **WHY** the FBI sat back during each and every crime and watched my family suffer while the FBI destroyed material evidence in order for the Democrats to slander and defame me as a person that should not be listened to, in order to conceal Socialist corruption.

(60) The material evidence consequences of the FBI criminal malice towards my family means, that every single minor dispute with any corporation and/or insurance company is ALWAYS escalated by a corporate lawyer once they read a false court narrative of no less than four (4) federal court criminal scams. Once they discover the CNA paid for a Cosby judgment, to shut up an infection victim who was lying in a hospital bed, the claws come out & my family is put on a list to be destroyed and allowed to suffer in pain and misery, **and the FBI knows it.**

(61) Judge Means allowed lawyers for DeHay and Rockline to make disgustingly fraudulent medical claims that was intended to strip **ALL of the concealed infection victims** of any and all ability to present any insurance claims and **thus the lawyers are criminally complicit for all injuries and deaths.** By lawyers making intentionally false claims that Burkholderia “*does not even work that way,*” in regards to infections outside the lungs, that should have been refuted by the FDA and the CDC instead of the FDA and the CDC continually protecting Rockline and their criminal cohorts at CNA who clambered onto these criminal lies to conceal fraud crime victims.

(62) To refute lie after lie after lie from a non-stop string of criminally perjurious lawyers, Burkholderia Cepacia does in fact primarily acts as a bacterial infection of the lungs, but in rare cases, such as both my child and I, infection victims that carry the CF Gene. (*Cystic Fibrosis*) **Burkholderia Cepacia will permanently attach to the CF Gene.** This is no different than anyone that suffers from a Chicken Pox bacteriological infection as a child, and in turn carries the virus forever, and most will suffer from the bacterial flares better known as ‘*Shingles!*’

(63) My child and I both have to live with the lies that Judge Means disgustingly allowed lawyers to place upon the court record despite the material evidence that I provided Judge Means, who even scolded me for presenting a ‘*Motion For Reconsideration.*’ Means needed to provide criminal cover for the “*SAM – PAM & GARY SCAM*” that Judge Lindsay help create for golfing buddy Gary Elliston. That set of known acts of criminal perjury also disenfranchises a still unknown amount of infection victims that the FDA and CDC are still allowing Rockline and CNA to conceal for financial profit and to greedily hide from all medical and death claims.

(64) Some of the worst lies that lawyers have placed upon court records that should have led them straight to a federal prison are the fraudulent and blatantly disprovable **MEDICAL LIES!**

(65) I can provide hundreds of pages of medical records from UT Southwestern Medical Systems to prove how all of these criminals including half a dozen federal judges who are still selfishly protecting the massive nationwide medical fraud scam. I live with the intestinal Ulcerative Colitis infections caused by Rockline refusing to clean their filthy machinery to increase corporate profits and that **Rockline has criminally lied their way out of every single day of my life, and I will suffer for the rest of my life until eventually the infections kill me.**

(66) Proof can be checked on for yourself that Burkholderia Cepacia can lead to cross infections. Just ask Rockline Whistleblower Sam Wilson, and his wife who was cross-infected, that Rockline even lied to an Arkansas court in order to smear the FDA Rockline Whistleblower.

(67) The monthly genetic infusion that I have to suffer through every twenty-eight (28) days at the Aston Infusion Center at UT Southwestern Hospital in Dallas for the rest of my life, strips me of a week of my life with the chemical hangover I suffer from after each afternoon long infusion that lasts for the better part of a week. The lawyers were allowed by corrupt judges covering for each other to lie their way out of what they have done to me and to walk away scot-free after slandered me and defaming me and making me out as an abusive liar and have tried to bar me from the courts to cover for the crimes committed against my family! **I am not allowed to walk away from any of this, and I am forced to live with these criminal lies every day of my life!**

(68) **I screamed at both thugs:** Now everyone can understand why I have to see this matter to the end, since I have been left no other choice by an unending chain of deviously dishonest lawyers and corrupt state & federal government officials who all belong in a federal penitentiary.

(69) The '*Federal Agents*' began to show clear panic when I spelled out how this entire criminal odyssey began sitting across the conference table from FBI Special Agent James B. Lamb at Dan Barrett's law firm and giving testimony of how I witnessed Judge Alteris snort a line of coke before the rigged trial in where his younger brother was the Plaintiff's lawyer, and of course **the Judge's brother WON!** Both thugs stuttered at what this point now means when I described the entire no Bail Bondsmen Scam, how confiscated drugs were being pushed by Deputy Sheriffs into the high school by extorted teenagers on a sting to corrupt DA Bullware getting kick backs, and how I was being blackmailed by Bullware, and the FBI KNEW all along!

(70) No matter how long this takes, I will make sure that my family's PAIN, SUFFERING, and CONFLICT from court abuses brings about permanent, positive and sweeping change to the courts and especially for all the victims out there that CNA Insurance bribed Judge Cosby to hide from the public so that they can all die without **costing CNA or Rockline, one...single...penny.**

(71) The Democrat thugs did not like to hear that one of my main goals is to force the United States Federal Government to form a public oversight panel of working citizens that will be staffed outside and independent of the U.S. Government to give an independent outlet to report corrupt judges from state and federal courts that cannot be swept under the rug by politicians.

(72) Legal experts that have read all of the cases, Texas State & Federal, all unanimously agreed that the fix was in on every single case and that as a created Pro Se Litigant & multiple crime victim, every single judge treated me like vermin and an insult to the act of jurisprudence.

(73) The legal reviewers also commented once a pattern of court appointed victimization began, it is clear that once you are scammed by a corrupt judge and lawyer that conspire to strip you of all human rights and even basic dignity, you are in fact scammed forever, and never again have any Civil, Constitutional or even Human Rights remaining. You in fact become worthless as an American or even less than a human being and nothing you say or do ever matters again.

(74) This complete degradation of your basic humanity, also means that even the slightest of conflicts are massively escalated by dishonestly greedy profiteering lawyers who know that it only takes one threat to strip a judicial misconduct victim of any form of justice, **just ask Alcon.**

(75) This is an unjust prison sentence of perjury & lies that there is no reprieve from since no one to date has ever told the truth. The truth is now going to have to be forced out of all criminal abusers at once, just like the plan that deceased Senator Tom Coburn had in mind for this scam.

(76) The FBI has acted with extreme prejudice in regards to all of the crimes over the decades committed against my entire family in order for the FBI to cover and conceal the original acts of criminal malice and legal incompetence, that my family has had to pay the price for FOREVER.

(77) The Thugs were again shocked while sitting across from FBI Special Agent James B. Lamb at Dan Barrett's office, Susan Hutchinson was sitting to my left, and Tim Schralla was sitting to my right, and my lawyer Dan Barrett was no where to be seen. Right in front of FBI Agent Lamb, I was told by Susan and Tim that the firm had been threatened by someone from Johnson County, and that Dan was abandoning my appeal, thus a FEDERAL CRIME was being committed right in front of an F...B...I...Special Agent, and the FBI did absolutely NOTHING.

(78) Once the Democrats, by and through their criminal thugs sent to my home, threatened me with both the Johnson County Prosecutorial and Judicial Misconduct Scam, then had the nerve to add to the threat with the boast that they would use the Fort Worth I.S.D. Corruption Scam, that now makes both of these cases current weapons of retaliation, and thus resets the federal statue of limitations on both federal criminal actions that were intended to last the REST OF MY LIFE.

(79) The "*Federal Agents*" even foolishly admitted, once they became confused over the material facts, that the longer the Democrats delayed paying the criminal restitution that they knew they would eventually pay, the longer they keep me in poverty and thus prevent me from hiring legal counsel that would go after Democrats to avoid me effecting the fall elections!

(80) This means that the Democrats are admittedly using inflicted poverty as a weapon of intimidation and retaliatory silence, and are proud of it, knowing the FBI & DOJ will do nothing.

(81) The "*Federal Agents*" even confusingly admitted that I was correct that maliciously engineering a person or a family's complete ruin was in fact an act of federal criminal retaliation, and the criminal indifference of both the FBI and the DOJ looking the other way to protect Democrats and their acts of theft and retaliation was an entire series of federal crimes.

(82) The defensive mode from rapidly diminishing arrogance of so-called "*Federal Agents*" had them admitting that profiteering from criminal acts by insurance companies...**is a crime.**

(83) The well-rehearsed and meticulously coached “*Federal Agents*” had no idea what I was talking about when I began talking about how Judge Chupp butchered a court transcript to conceal an entire series of federal crimes that his buddy lawyer Brady, who lied about being a collection agency, had abused to hide from the F.D.C.P.A. Brady abused the “*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*” in his opening statement, and destroyed evidence to prevent me from perfecting an appeal. The confusion got worse when I outlined how the Texas A.G. Abbott, ganged up with D.A. Wilson, to hide the fact that CNA had bribed Detective Steele to destroy all of the material evidence to avoid felony ‘*child abuse/injury to a child*’ charges. Even worse, they had no idea that all of these people had lied to the court and thus committed an entire series of heinous federal crimes to hide injured & dead children/senior citizens in FULL VIEW OF THE FBI. The FBI did nothing because the U.S. Fifth Court of Appeals has a demonstrative hatred of Pro Se Litigants, who are not allowed to win, and even when three (3) COA Justices excoriated Chupp for “*doctoring the transcript*” the COA wholly ignored over a dozen federal crimes. Providing material proof to the FBI and DOJ of what the COA proclaimed, both agencies looked the other way and still allowed Rockline/CNA and the FDA and all other criminal abusers to perpetually victimize my family, even to this day, DESPITE THE TRUTH. Now the abusers are Nancy Pelosi, President Joe Biden, and criminally complicit U.S. Attorney General Merrick Garland.

(84) The “*Federal Agents*” had no idea what I was talking about when I began divulging FBI abuses, and how multiple FBI agents have already threatened me and abused the “*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*” and have even ignored the ongoing federal crimes. For example, FBI Special Agent John Skillenstad who they had never heard of, sat at my kitchen table screaming at me and talking about Johnson County and the Fort Worth I.S.D. cases while threatening me to give back his realtor friend’s (*REMAX Agent Mathew Fisher*) hard drive that I had been scammed for, that was full of Fishers pee fetish porn and pictures of Mathew committing acts of public vandalism by urinating on them. They both looked shocked when I even quoted what Agent Skillenstad said to me across my own dinner table after I reported to an FBI agent what was happening in the FDA Rockline Medical Insurance Fraud Federal Crimes, Skillenstad screamed back at me, “**SOMETIMES BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE!**” When I wrote to the Dallas FBI Director, as usual, nothing happened. Thus, I reported the ongoing federal crimes to the DC FBI, and I can prove it, and the FBI looked the other way and allowed the crimes to proceed unhindered, and to inflict misery, pain, suffering, & DEATH, with indifference to injury/death!

(85) The thugs angrily lashed out over being proven wrong and being caught off guard, with “*The Republicans are not going to help you nail a Republican Governor and his cronies over Judge Chop (sic) lying his way out of all the criminal shit and hiding a bribed cop who destroyed all of your kids shit since they will protect their own...so you are a fool for even bringing it up!*” Corruption is blind to political preference, and the Republicans need to answer for turning a blind eye to what has been going on and in turn stringing me along with false promises of investigative and prosecutorial action that for delay purposes has never materialized.

(86) Neither Democrat thug liked hearing that I can prove that the FBI is just as guilty as all the lawyers and criminal abusers since each served F.O.I.A. to the FBI has proven over and over again that the FBI destroyed my complaint(s) about the millions of dollars of stolen materials at the Fort Worth I.S.D. Several subsequent F.O.I.A. served to the FBI also proved that both former Directors Mueller & Comey destroyed all traces of my criminal theft complaints against Google.

(87) The “*Federal Agents*” began gloating to how I was going to be “*Nailed to the Wall*” for fraudulently and abusively filing suit against the Fort Worth I.S.D. and how the Judge had to slap me down. After I stopped laughing, I began the fifteen (15) minute long explanation of the federal corruption case that I triggered, that went on for at least thirteen (13) years that I am aware of, and that led to no less than Superintendent Tocco leaving at the end of his contract that he was forced out of. Eldon Ray going to prison, who they both never heard of until an hour ago. How lawyer David Chappell bribed his way out of the case by having the school system buy the Judge a new white Cadillac, even after making a complete fool out of himself in open court and yet still winning the rigged case. And all of these federal crimes were committed against me and in turn covered-up with bribery and pay-offs, in **FULL VIEW OF THE, F...B...I**. So much for the Democrats trying to convince anyone that I tried to scam the school system and both thugs at that point looked shocked and confused, and totally without any further cohesive argument.

(88) One concession that both “*Federal Agents*” agreed upon is that politicians lie with such ease today, that it creates an air of no accountability and a generation that takes no responsibility for anything since Democrats are blaming everyone around the planet for their failed policies.

(89) The “*Federal Agents*” were not too happy with their failed threats to drag both the Johnson County FBI scam & the Fort Worth I.S.D. FBI corruption case into court for a surefire personal destruction. This blunder of judgment instead presented the revelation and the final answer to a question that has haunted me for years. I have wondered for the last decade and a half how it was that Gary Elliston was able to convince Federal Judge Lindsay to risk his bench over the launch of a federal insurance scam that Gary could not have assured a 100% success unless all factors were rigged? Gary knew all of the lawyers involved in the Johnson Co. and F.T.W. I.S.D. frauds, since the north Texas legal community is tight knit. Now it makes perfect sense that Gary fraudulently framed me as some sort of court scammer to Judge Lindsay, just as the woefully uninformed thugs made the mistake of thinking I would be some sort of push over.

(90) There was utter silence when I excitedly began thinking out loud as to how I am now going to finally be able to tie all of the Johnson County crooks, with the corrupt Fort Worth I.S.D. criminals directly to DeHay & Elliston, CNA Insurance, NAZI founded Rockline criminals, the corrupt FDA, all the way through Obama and then vice President Biden, corrupt former AG Holder, all the way to Nancy Pelosi and now President Biden through corrupt A.G. Garland and a horribly corrupt FBI! It now all neatly ties together as one single unbroken chain of lies, deceit, political, municipal, and even federal corruption! **It is all one huge rotting pile of excrement that the Democrats just all stitched together for me by connecting all the dots!**

(91) I even explained to the so-called “*Federal Agents*” that each time I reported a federal crime to the FBI, who are supposed to investigate federal crimes, and in turn the FBI shreds and destroys my criminal complaints, then FBI Directors Comey, Mueller and Wray are going to be called to the stand and thus explain to the jury what ‘*criminal culpability*’ means. Furthermore, how each time the FBI destroys material evidence, it makes the **FBI criminally culpable for every crime that has been committed against my family for the past thirty-three (33) years.**

(92) Both Thugs were dumbfounded when all of the propaganda that they had been coached to attack me on turned out to be a false narrative, thus proving my point that Dems change history.

(93) The Thugs tried to argue that the courts attacking me is not a branch of government and Democrats have nothing to do with me being a pathetically sad disgruntled litigant who incessantly complains. The problem with the verbal attack is that I could clearly see the mounting frustration & a complete inability to beat down what was supposed to be an easy mark.

(94) Once the Democrats played that hand and threatened me with all of the FBI involved scams, all crimes are now all on the table as viable and wholly proper federal civil litigation.

(95) Once I mentioned George Soros and how the Democrats have made the destruction of this country a global matter, I thought it was going to trigger a fist-fight, or even a gun battle! At this point with tension and anger rising in both thugs, I shuffled my way towards the coffee pot counter and casually pushed the open gun case that had been just out of visible range of the living room table as a direct response to both thugs nervously placing a hand on a still strapped weapon. All three (3) of us stared at each other, and I drew the hammer back on my stainless steel 357 python, which was met with both thugs pulling their hands away from this sides.

(96) While tensely staring each other down in total silence, I lowered my pistol to my side to defuse the situation, but still make sure they understood that escalating the matter to violence would be a bad idea. I remained standing so that I would be able to get the drop on both of them if they drew on me. We then awkwardly talked about the world court and how the Democratic policies are a threat to the planet. The Global Warming scam was a retooling of the global freezing scam from the 1970's and is now just a cover for the carbon tax financial fraud as the Clinton foundation was the money filter & Democrats have been lying & scamming us all along.

(97) With the situation clearly winding down, we began to speak of how even sending electron microscope pictures and Google 'Full view' Copyright Theft evidence to Congress and the President, the ravenously corrupt Democrats, still cannot take responsibility for their actions.

(98) We suddenly reached a point of frustration and both '*Federal Agents*' bolted for the door.

(99) Upon chasing both Democrat Agents out the front door, there was a waiting white SUV running at the curb, that due to the infections I suffer from and the subsequent lose of the use of my left eye, it takes me a moment to focus out in the sun. This moment of blurry blindness only allowed me to see that the vehicle that the two (2) bullies fled in was a white Tahoe or Denali, as I ran down the driveway in order to view the rear license plate. The rear plate was covered with what looked like a paper dealership temporary tag that had been clipped on at all four (4) corners of the license plate frame with what looked like large black metal legal binder document clips in order to conceal the rear license plate as they sped away, and to avoid rental car identification.

(100) The confrontation ended with no good-byes, no parting comments, it just ended, and the pair of thugs stomped out the door with me giving chase so that I could call the police and report the license plate and obtain a description of the motor vehicle. Calling the Everman Police in this matter would have been a waste of time, since they had just recently ignored a physical threat, and refused to take a report. The police do not view something like this as a reportable assault, and there was actually no threat of physical violence, so it worked just as the Democrats claimed, no paper trail, and they just slithered away back to the swamp. Now it is time for full disclosure.

(1) THESE CASE SUMMATIONS ARE FOR THE BENEFIT OF ELUCIDATING HOW CORRUPT THE LEGAL SYSTEM IS WHEN DEMOCRATS CRIMINALIZE POLITICS

I now formally apologize for having to go back so far in order to properly illustrate the back-story of where and how Judy Lacker, Marcia Morgan, and Sharron Snow created the foundations of a fraud that now reaches nationwide, and in fact around the entire globe. This is now only a viable option due to the Democrats threatened use of my entire history in order to perpetrate a misinformation smear campaign, & now makes the back-story wholly relevant, & wholly proper.

(2) OPENING STATEMENT EXPLAINING THE MATERIAL FACTORS FOR THE SOLE BENEFIT OF HBO AND AN EXPLANATION TO THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS

In order to accurately impart this more than three (3) decade long factual story that, in all essence, technically began in the middle of the overall campaign of legal abuses once all the criminal abusers began criminally profiteering after the creation of the “SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM,” fraudulently created through a criminal conspiracy between Federal Judge Sam A. Lindsay, opposing legal counsel Pamela Williams, a partner at the firm of DeHay & Elliston, and the founding partner at DeHay & Elliston, Gary Elliston. To fundamentally comprehend how Gary was able to manipulate the courts into the acceptance of a federal insurance medical fraud scam that was designed to disenfranchise not only my infected little girl, but for a former NAZI to belligerently avoid all the sick and dead children that interfered with deceased former NAZI Rockline CEO Ralph Rudolph’s child killing FDA and Democrat approved corporate greed.

Now through a quick trip in our way-back machine, we step back to 1971, in order to explore the level of dishonesty and deceit that led to the criminal abuse of such rampant dishonesty by a never ending stream of nauseatingly corrupt lawyers. Therefore, as all complicated tales mandatorily require, this life destroying and child abusing horror story needs to begin at something as simple, as the beginning, and thus a childhood plagued with child...abuse! As a child, I grew up in an extremely violent and strict military household where for punishment, I was dispatched by my overly abusive and chronically alcoholic parents, to retrieve my father’s braided military uniform belt from their dresser in order to maximize the mental suffering and fearful impact of the impending whipping. The level of cruelty is far past casual description of any form of written factor. In fact, the worst of the worst beatings suffered as a child, was actually, for being accused of...telling the truth! My parents lied to my older half sister Debbie for her entire childhood in order to conceal the fact that she was adopted. When Debbie shockingly surprised my parents one evening, it was immediately assumed that I had snitched in order to gain some childish act of revenge. The actual truth was, that my half sister’s friend Heidi had a mother that worked for the State of Oregon as a Director of the state adoption services, and when our extremely rare Russian last name that is an Ellis Island immigration typo from 1917, was noticed on the case jacket of an adoption file, she violated her code of ethical conduct, and told Heidi that her best friend was adopted. I was beaten so violently into a bloody mess, that out of fear of exposure, I was kept home for the next two (2) weeks from elementary school for fear that my gym teacher would discover my deeply bruised injuries. I make this point, to ensure that the truth is not just an ethical or moral requirement in life; it is a way of life for me. The adoption fact was actually a long held lie that my mother left home over when her family chastised her for a scandalous teenage affair with her elderly boss, the President of the American Can Company.

The CEO, who was older than my mother's grandfather, and who had grown children far older than my mother, and led to my half sister's birth. He set up my mother in an apartment in New York City, paid all the bills, bought her a car, and took full responsibility. My mother began dating behind his back, and lied to all the men who wondered how she was supporting herself. When the CEO inquired why the car he paid for was missing, my mother lied and said it had been stolen, and thus my father was arrested for the fake crime. As an Army cadet, the US Army rapidly ferretted out the truth, as you could rightly assume. Unlike my father, who I still to this day, cannot actually think of a single lie that he ever knowingly perpetrated during the tenure of my childhood due to his brutal honesty and demand that, if you did it, then own it, my mother was horribly dishonest and was quite proud of being deviously manipulative. This of course led to their separation and eventual divorce when I was in junior high, which of course led to my mother fabricating an entire series of false and slanderous accusations in order to retaliate against my father for divorcing her. My mother even sunk to the level of accusing my father of molesting my half sister to gain an advantage in the divorce proceedings, that backfired when I requested my Scoutmaster send a copy of our summer camp sign in logs that proved my father was on the southern end of the state of Oregon at the stated time of the crime, that ended with Debbie crying on the witness stand in her confession that my mother had coached her to lie.

At 12, I informed both of my parents, that I would in fact be breaking the chain of violence pursuant to the fact that most abused, become abusers themselves, and that I would NEVER be like either of them, which brought both of them to tears, and thus I live my life with honesty and integrity. To quote my father, who as a helicopter pilot and flight instructor, "*I DO WHAT I SAY, AND I SAY WHAT I DO.*" Upon my father's death in 1979 in a helicopter crash, my mother greedily seized my military death benefits to a minor child that was intended to create a new beginning, and she squandered the entire amount on a party. Being the braggart that she was, my mother rented an entire floor of a hotel in downtown Portland Oregon. She invited the entire Portland Law Firm of Dezendorf, Spears, Labursky & Campbell and as you more than likely already assumed, SHE WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

My mother, Shirley Avdeef, of course became falling down drunk while fluttering around and soaking up the spotlight as the center of attention. After passing out, my mother allowed her best friend, Shirley Willis, to wander off falling down drunk. Ms. Willis made it to the elevator unchallenged, went down to the parking garage, and attempted to drive home drunk. Ms. Willis struck another vehicle head on and proceeded to kill herself and the occupants of the DUI victim's vehicle. In a pathetic stroke of luck, while a grand jury was about to indict my mother, Mount St. Helens exploded on Sunday morning, May 18th, 1980. It trashed our house, destroyed my school that collapsed under the ash, and we suddenly found ourselves living in a mandatory evacuation zone after being served notice by the Army Corp of Engineers during the rain of ash.

My Mother fled back to Texas in where my Father had been stationed at Fort Wolters Flight Training Base in Mineral Wells, by selling the vintage and extremely rare 1963 Triumph British Race Bike to her biker legal secretary friend to finance her escape from her impending arrest. The theft of my newly restored treasure would not be discovered for decades until I attempted to recover the stolen motor vehicle, and the Portland Police responded with a PDF copy of the title my mother talked me out of for "*safe keeping*," and a copy of the sales receipt in my mothers handwriting, thus making a fool out of me again, and yet another decades long lie.

The Triumph Motorbike was neatly disassembled into milk crates at my mother's request in order to be packed into the trunk of her Mercury Montego, that the left side of the entire rear quarter panel was caved in from one of her drunken car crashes. My mother used the crushed in lack of trunk space to suddenly take up an offer from a coworker/friend to store my sacred one of a kind racing treasure at the Portland home of Rosemary Collier. After more than a year of a constant stream of excuses of why Rosemary could not ship my pre-packed motorbike down to Texas, even after I paid for Greyhound shipping, Rosemary changed her phone number and all mail was returned unopened. My mother never admitted to her dying day that she had scammed me once again, but the scanned PDF of the title had my named signed as "*Steve*" in blue ink, even though I have NEVER used that name, EVER, and only my mother called me '*Steve*.'

When I saw news stories of people who recover valuable motor vehicles stolen in the 1970's and 1980's, I contacted the Portland Police, who later threatened me to go away once they discovered that the owner had a signed title in my name that was conveniently missing for decades. This sparked the cold case officers at the Portland Police to research my extremely rare last name and discover that my mother had let people die in a drunken stupor, and the case had never been officially closed. This renewed the call from the family of the vehicular homicide victims to demand my mother be extradited back to Portland to stand trial. Her heavy drinking and chain smoking over an entire lifetime prevented her extradition; due to failing health that finally took her life on November 10, 2021.

I make no apologies for what a horrible human being my mother was, since like everyone else, you cannot pick your parents, and you have to deal with the cards you are dealt. It would in fact require dozens of pages to even come close to listing all of the crap my mother volunteered me for to her just as worthless friends, despite no matter how many times I protested. But in the end, I grew up being taught to respect your elders, and that blood was thicker than water, so you did what your parents told you, and my mother was always quick to abuse that sense of honor and family duty, and when I protested, she could take nagging and motherly guilt to an almost thermo-nuclear stage of weaponization and had it honed all the way down to the razors edge!

Now it is finally time to paint the mental image that sets the stage for a series of life long scams and criminal schemes that were actually launched in the lunchroom of a large Fort Worth Law Firm. Every day while sitting around the lunch-table at work, smoking, and trying to out-brag each other through a never-ending game of '*one-ups-man-ship*,' every so often I sadly got roped into the corral. My mother rather enjoyed rubbing it in her competitors face that none of them possessed a son "*that could do, fix, repair, or build anything he sets his mind to*" as I was told more than once in the pre-emptive, pre-nag, "*butter-up*" stage. That smoke-filled break-room produced some dishonest whoppers; such as my mother talking about her "*horse ranch*" that in fact was a rent house and a half-finished pole barn. With all of the bull being slung around, leading from one hair-brained scheme after another that kept being dumped back on me, and in effect, that lunchroom is still controlling my life to this day, and here are just a few short examples. Pat Alford was one of the lunchtime self described "*Cigarette Pack*." Out of the "*PACK*" of selfish braggers, my mother felt exceptionally sorry for Pat who was helping her elderly mother care for Suzy, her mother's late-life Cerebral Palsy child permanently confined to a wheelchair. This was a constant source of trying to guilt me into fixing everything around Pat and her mom's house, and most things I did without question...for wonderfully sweet Suzy.

One of the finer examples came when I was '*requested*' (and yes, that was meant as a joke) to do some major engine work on Pat's high mileage vehicle. My wife Melissa and I were shown a beautiful 19th century mahogany highboy chest of drawers that was offered as payment from the mother's house full of antique furniture. I finished all of the repairs and when I arrived with my truck after a month of labor and parts that did not cost Pat one red cent, I was met in the front hallway with a plywood & plastic veneer three (3) drawer dresser. Pat and her mother were nowhere to be found, only my mother angrily standing there telling us to just take it and leave.

The Pat tale set the stage of dishonesty from the lunchroom, but in fact, it actually gets better. One of the more pathetic and sadder tales, is from JUDY LACKER, and please remember that name! Judy had just gotten ripped off in the purchase of a rust bucket junky Mustang she had purchased for her then teenage daughter. The only thing holding up the drivers seat was the carpeting. Not only could I not stand Judy, I found her to be one of the worse liars in the pack. I was told this fact by a group of Judy's so-called friends when a large group of us went out for drinks one weekend night at the Fort Worth Stockyards. After a few weeks of intense guilting, and promises of, "*I will make it worth your time and get you something for the shop,*" from my worried mother who was now out on a limb with her incessant bragging, just to end the guilt trip, I finally relented and woefully agreed after the bribery offer of a new tool!

My wife drove me all the way from Johnson County to Saginaw to retrieve the junky Mustang. I spent two weeks hand fabricating an entire drivers side floor pan with seat rail supports, since in the early 1980's there was no Internet to have a floor pan sent to your shop. At that time the repair pan was a FO.MO.CO., '*Dealer Item Only,*' and actually cost more than the entire car did at that time. Since it was a motherly demand, I only charged for parts, and nothing for several weeks of labor since it was for the safety of a teenage child. BUT, since it is true that '*No Good Deed Goes Unpunished,*' Judy screamed at my mother after my DELIVERING the car all the way back to Saginaw, Texas, that I had "*stolen gas out of the car.*" Half of a tank was consumed in retrieving the car and returning it back across two (2) North Texas counties.

Now for the real stinker that began this entire thirty-five (35) year odyssey, that so far has no end in sight pursuant to a constant stream of unscrupulously sick and dishonest lawyers, who at the fifty (50) lawyer mark, ONLY TWO (2) have ever told the truth that I am aware of. The most deviously dishonest person that I have **EVER MET**, was my mother's self proclaimed "*Charity Case*" in the form of Marcia Morgan. Marcia was a very abusively unlikable and extremely hateful manic-depressive that constantly complained her meds made her groggy, so she self medicated with alcohol, which then her drunken mouth made matters far worse. Growing up in a drunken caretaker's home, I learned to cook as a child or starve, it was as simple as that. Therefore, to this day, I still do all the cooking in the household, and this was another factor that my mother used to like to improperly and insulting take credit for, by claiming she taught me to cook! For three (3) years straight my mother would invite Marcia to both Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, which made both my wife and I cringe to endure each meal, that I was told I was a bad person for not liking Marcia "*who had it so rough we should all feel sorry for her.*" I NEVER felt sorry for Marcia, since life is what we make of it, and when you treat people like human garbage, angrily make demands of others since you think that the entire world and everyone in it owes you something, then you deserve the sour and shitty life that you have created and therefore earned through hate and envy of all the people around you.

(3) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE JOHNSON COUNTY JP CASE FILED AGAINST ME OVER A 1981 PONTIAC BONNEVILLE THAT WAS THE BASIS OF THE FBI FRAUD

The Tommy and Sharron Snow legal scheme was in no way triggered by the lunchroom crowd, and in fact, was the only second time in my life that a friend had in fact screwed me over intentionally, and then pressed the fraud into committing a crime. The first act of a friend's treachery, was after relocating back to Texas, I went directly to work in a heavy equipment/body shop name C&P automotive. After saving enough money, I opened the Centaurian Shop, in were the son of an Army buddy of my father, and who was my only childhood friend, allowed a bad divorce to end in legal and criminal troubles, and while I was outside of Texas drag racing, David emptied out the speed shop we ran together and fled up north. The authorities did noting, since you cannot steal half of what you already own, and thus the financial hit was devastating.

Tommy Snow at the time was a very close friend in the early 1980's who always seemed like a "straight up guy." That was, until I went to his house one day for dinner, and met Tommy's self-professed "Edith Bunker-Dingbat-Chatter Box." Tommy got the term from the 1970's TV show 'All In The Family' and when Sharron would not stop talking, Tommy told me that he just started calling her 'Edith' which in turn made her quite angry, and she would mope away and sulk, and thus Tommy boasted that it worked every time! Sharron drove a 1981 Pontiac Bonneville with a 231 Buick V-6. The GM engine had a terrible habit of leaking from the externally mounted oil pump, and had a worse habit of the engine locking up from lack of oil due to drip, drip, drip. Tommy pleaded with me to help him out of a jam after he had paid a shop on the North side of Fort Worth to replace the burned-up engine. The allegedly 'remanufactured engine' was purchased as a choice of price, not quality, and most of the time, you get what you pay for. I showed Tommy how the engine had not been rebuilt, but the gentleman that installed the engine (and had already fled back to Mexico) used a wire brush and a spray can to fake a rebuild on a used engine. The crook had dropped the oil pan, removed the crank, and replaced several sets of piston rings by pulling the piston down through the rod mains. The unnamed person used stock piston rings that he failed to properly ring gap by filing the ends of the oil control and compression rings during assembly, in order to properly set the gap and ring friction, or else the rings can freeze up, and stick into the ring wear groove in the engine block, and the engine can freeze up, just as Tommy Snow was now trying to resolve due to mechanical failure.

After spending an entire day of drinking beer and discussing all engine options, Tommy decided to risk the money and possibly time saving plan of doing what was called an 'in frame rebuild.' This was possible on cars back then, since a big ass ole Pontiac had a reduced 231 Buick V-6, and a huge crossmember, so there was enough room to perform the task and save having to pull the engine. When I was almost finished, Tommy came by with Sharron to drop off rocker arm cam buttons that keep the rockers centered on the bar journal. He handed them to me, but I did not install them right away due to the fact that I had just washed up for the day, and my hands were sore from laying on a creeper all day and working over my head. Later at trial, both Tommy and Sharron stated that my not snapping in all of the plastic tabs that have to be popped in with a punch and thus getting dirty gain, was the point they somehow knew that I was ripping them off, which was utterly absurd. I installed the cam buttons the next day after replacing the pushrods and the camshaft, in the proper order. Tommy knew damn well that he should have bought a new engine instead of attempting to salvage the used (*fake rebuilt*) junkyard engine.

Tommy knew that the shop had stiffed him, but after a few beers he began laughing and told me that I was a lifesaver for doing him this solid, (*favor*). He admitted that he had lied to Sharron and made up some crappy excuse why the engine would not run, and he thus made himself out to be some sort of hero, as admitted by Tommy after a case of beer, once the alcohol made the truth come out. After unsticking two (2) pistons, I finally got the engine to crank over. I discovered the hard way, that the previous engine tinkerer had replaced three (3) pistons that had frozen up before from another junkyard engine, and they DID NOT MATCH. When the engine immediately began knocking, I removed the cylinder heads, and discovered that the tolerance on the engine block deck was improper to allow exhaust valve clearance when both junkyard engines were merged together as a cost savings scam. Tommy came over and spent several hours inspecting everything, nodding his head, and agreeing that his risky plan on cutting corners to save money, was a failure. Now the engine needed to be pulled from the vehicle, and rebuilt properly. Tommy went home to explain the situation to Sharron, since he did not think he would be able to tolerate her personality when trying to explain anything technical, as he informed me.

The following weekend Sharron Snow came to my home and began belligerently screaming at me and demanding I explain everything to her, since according to her, "*Tommy's story did not make a damn lick of sense!*" After screeching and screaming and actually yelling at me about her sex life for over an hour, I asked her to leave and come back when she calmed down. MORE THAN A YEAR LATER, and after the Bonneville sat collecting dust on a parking pad, a process server came to the house and told me that Sharron was suing me in JP court for the money she owed me. YES, you read that correctly, she filed suit against me for the money she OWED ME! After I stop laughing, I called Dan Foster at my mother's law firm and a friend of my mothers. My mother worked for Foster sometimes, when cases were backed up, and/or they were short a few legal secretaries. Dan found the legal absurdity just as comical as I did.

Sharron told the judge that she did not want to pay the filing fee in District Court, so she instead filed in JP court, and that no lawyer would take her case. We all went to court approximately a month later, and was not required by the JP court to file an answer. When we went to court Sharron began nervously talking, and talking, and talking, and incessantly talking! After approximately twenty (20) minutes, the JP Judge put up his hands, and asked Ms. Snow to please take a breath, and allow the Defendant's legal counsel to speak. Dan Foster was short and to the point, and made a very concise argument and proved beyond a shadow of a doubt in the fact that Ms. Snow had utterly no legal standing to even file suit. Dan rested thinking that this waste of an afternoon was over, but NO, Sharron was not finished talking. When the judge mistakenly asked if she had any rebuttal and or closing remarks, then she went on a blatherskite rampage to get in all of her personal problems that I was now apparently responsible for. Sharron **TALKED FOR ALMOST AN HOUR**, and even spent at least fifteen (15) minutes talking about how I ruined her sex life, even though she could not prove it since Tommy was far too embarrassed to not only attend the hearing, but to ever face me again outside or later stabbing me in the back in open court down in Cleburne three (3) years later. At one point the JP Judge even nodded off asleep with his hand supporting his face and his elbows on the table. Dan said later that he did not want to cut off Sharron since he thought it would insult the Judge, but at the fifty (50) minute mark, Dan finally began objecting and claimed she was retrying the case all over again. The JP Judge was so confused, he was utterly lost! **The JP shocked Dan by stating that WE BOTH WON, and that he was totally confused by the case, and gave up on trying.**

Furthermore, the JP Justice of the Peace, proclaimed that the wisest thing would to do for BOTH SIDES, is to file an appeal in a real court, (*referring to Johnson County or State District Court*) and let them sort it all out and have the “*Hippie Chick*” (*Sharron’s self description in open court*) prove all of the garbage she had just blitheringly proclaimed in such a long winded fashion, “*And All of You Have a Blessed Day.*” I held no ill will, since even both Dan Foster and I had a very difficult time in following all the crap that Sharron Snow was shoveling.

Now the final judgment and what should have been the end of the Sharron and Tommy Snow matter that was instead converted into the crime of Auto Theft, Title Fraud, and Felony Level Theft of Labor in Texas State Jail Felony Crimes, and in Federal Crimes, this was a clearcut violation and would soon become an intentional Criminal Deprivation of my Federal Civil Rights by a coke snorting Judge and his insultingly corrupt and wholly unscrupulous lawyer little brother. After being forced to deal with a never ending stream of deadbeat clients that is quite common in the automotive trade, and being a former fabrication shop owner, I then spent the next two (2) years abiding by the rule of law and following the Texas Rules of Civil Procedure to the Letter of the Law. On the advice of several lawyers from my mother’s firm, I parked the Bonneville that Sharron Snow repeatedly referred to in JP Court as “*The Tank*” and who consistently complained that she disliked the Tank and that she had planned on taking the money that she planned on winning from me, and purchase a much smaller car. This was also after Sharron absurdly claimed that my failing to perform a mechanical miracle for her bargain basement engine repair deal that clearly ripped her off, that her inability to find a job outside the home WAS NOW ALL MY FAULT! This was wholly and ridiculously contradictory of years of complaints from Tommy Snow that Sharron was too lazy to work, and during their three decades of marriage, SHARRON HAD NEVER HAD A JOB! YET, now after more than thirty (30) years of being a self described “*Home Body*,” it was conveniently all my fault that Sharron has been unemployed for her entire adult life since her teen years in high school and slept until noon.

The Pontiac sat at first, for the first timeframe of waiting for the Snows to file an appeal from the JP court to contest my monetary judgment; and thus, NO APPEAL WAS FILED. The next timeframe to be allowed to expire wholly pursuant to the Texas Rules of Civil Procedure was the TWO (2) YEAR POST JP CIVIL STATUTE TO FILE SUIT TO ENSURE THAT THE SNOW’S RELINQUISHED ALL LEGAL CLAIMS, JUST TO BE SAFE. Towards the end of the two year stint, I applied for an abandon motor vehicle salvage title that I was legally entitled to since it was clear by Sharron’s own statements in court that Sharron did not want the vehicle back, she just WANTED THE MONEY. When that failed to work, she blew off the car. I attached the series of certified written notifications, along with the Materialmans Possessory Lien filed with the County several years earlier, and in return The State of Texas Granted Me CLEAR TITLE TO THE 1981 PONTIAC BONNEVILLE ABANDONED BY THE SNOWS, THUS THE VEHICLE LEGALLY BELONGED TO ME.

Please make note of this legal point directly pursuant to the fact that Dan Foster’s Legal Secretary, Judy Lacker, would later steal the ‘*Snow File*’ out of Dan’s credenza behind his desk in a locked and private office at the law firm of now Bracket & Ellis. Thank you for reading this far, and the legal relevance of this pathetic insult to the Texas Rule of Law will soon be realized, and all will see how this act of fraud becomes the foundation for the Johnson County ‘*Forever Retaliation, Abuse of Power, Prosecutorial & Judicial Misconduct, Federal Civil Rights Scam.*’

(4) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE MARCI MORGAN RIGGED CIVIL CASE BEFORE JUDGE ALTERIS, THE JUDGES EVIL BROTHER LAWYER TIMMY ALTERIS

This case was far worse than any low budget made for TV movie Saturday afternoon matinee about '*Southern Corruption*.' To even type out this absurd summation, I still find this case hard to believe that it actually ever even happened. If I had not been forced to sit and endure an entire day of such nauseatingly comical '*Good Ole Boy Redneck Corruption*' infested civil trial that triggered an entire series of federal crimes in order to conceal a money-making criminal cow, then I would have not believed that the FBI could stunningly turn a blind eye to this case!

Several years after Sharron Snow attempted to fleece me out of the money to buy her a new car failed, one of my mothers so called "*Pet Projects*" was a dismally hateful young woman named Marcia Morgan. Marcia was a law firm 'Runner' who ran files to the clerk's office or ferried files back and forth between my mother's law firm of McLean Sanders and other law firms around North Texas local area. Marcia was paid by the hour and also received a stipend for the use of her own motor vehicle. This means it was important for Marcia to maintain a properly serviced motor vehicle and always be ready to run an errand at a moments notice from any lawyer in the firm. I will be the first to admit that I very much disliked Marcia, since she was a very sour and foul person to be around. She was the type who always had something negative and nasty to say about everything. Marcia was diagnosed as a manic-depressive with borderline mania and schizophrenia who periodically would take breaks from her many medications that she complained made her "*dopey*" (*in her own words*), and thus Marcia would self-medicate with alcohol, and that flip-flop from drug mania to heavy drinking made Marcia a very difficult person to deal with. In closing of the brutal personality assessment of her many mental disorders, by Marcia's own mumblings of all of the people that she planned on getting even with, for all the folks that "*wronged her*," Marcia was one of the most vindictive and mean people that I have ever met. Now that the personal assessment paints a very grim and dim picture of a person that both my wife and I could barely tolerate time in the same room with, it spells out as to how this entire Johnson County scam was able to have been launched and even led to the FDA SCAM.

After eating several years worth of Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners that I planned and cooked, my mother called Marcia to confirm that she was coming over for a family dinner. Marcia's Nissan was already suffering from very high mileage, and desperately needed ALL of the coolant hoses replaced, but Marcia continued to delay that weekend long job until it was absolutely necessary in Marcia's eyes. Marcia told my mother over the phone that she would be over soon. One hour later, we got a call from a transmission shop located on I-35 South just before the Seminary South exit. Marcia had coasted off the freeway after the engine over-heated to point that it stopped running. I jumped in the truck and drove up from Johnson County to find Marcia standing in front of her Nissan with the hood up, and crying uncontrollably. Upon inspection, Marcia had taken off the radiator cap at home to add coolant to a very low system, and Marcia FORGOT TO REINSTALL THE RADIATOR CAP! Driving the little four (4) cylinder down the freeway from West Fort Worth at Las Vegas Trail all the way to Seminary South Mall, COOKED THE ENGINE TO DEATH. I informed Marcia right then and there that the engine was "*TOAST!*" At that moment Marcia did exactly what most people do when a mechanic attempts to explain what is wrong with any vehicle, especially one that is not repairable, you get that blank no expression blank stare, and the only response is; **Just...Fix...It.**

After frustratingly standing out in the heat in front of Marcia's car, and no matter what I attempted to explain to the fact that when an engine gets that hot, it warps parts and changed tolerances, and nine times out of ten, the engine will NEVER run again. Marcia kept begging, and begging, and begging, and finally, I broke, and I regret that act of weakness to this very day. In hindsight, I should have turned around and got in the truck and gone home. BUT, I knew this would indeed start a family fight, and in the interest of amity, I relented, and allowed Marcia to come back to the house and call a tow truck to bring the car over to see what was the most logical course of action for a family friend. Just like the Snow case, I was about to learn a very harsh and bitter lesson, that indeed...**NO...GOOD...DEED...GOES...UNPUNISHED!**

Over and over again I explained to Marcia that when engine parts reach a certain temperature, they not only expand and warp, but they are never the same again, and some parts even anneal, meaning become un-tempered and/or brittle or it just weakens the metal. Marcia guaranteed me repeatedly that she understood, but with most people, the truth is a rather inconvenient burden. When the law firm manager Cathy Medea was told by my mother that a firm runner without her car was in fact Marcia's own fault by leaving the radiator cap off, that caused a massive cat fight that should have waited until I was clear of the vehicle repair. The mean and nasty verbal assault upon my mother for being so snarky as to tell the embarrassing truth, humiliated someone as mean spirited as Marcia Morgan. This meant as soon as I retrieved the cylinder head from the machine shop that planed it flat and true again, Marcia began screaming at me as to how I incompetently screwed up her engine and the entire mess and her being threatened with employment termination was now all my fault. Marcia had her brother call and demand the Nissan back, and fully understood that I would not release the vehicle until I was reimbursed the \$756.00 that I was out of pocket for parts and a machine shop bill.

A few days later Marcia arrived at the house with an unidentified friend and was very cordial and actually apologized for the misunderstanding and explained how it got out of control at the firm. I had taken several checks from Marcia previously for other jobs and this is a person that had eaten diner and cookouts for several years at my mothers' home, and who was considered one of my mother's good friends. I called a tow truck and allowed the vehicle to be towed off at approximately 8:30 PM after banking hours, since Marcia had to wait until after her friend came home from work in order to catch a ride to the house. The next day my wife deposited the check in our business account, and really thought nothing of it. Later the next day after the deposit, the bank called and stated that the check had been written on a closed account, and one that had been closed for quite a while, thus Marcia PASSED ME A HOT CHECK.

The following Monday morning I took the time to take the check to the Johnson County Sherriff's office, since my mother's home was in unincorporated County and there was no local police at that time. An ADA walked over and confirmed that the Felony level was \$750.00 and since it was passed for '*Theft of Services/Theft of Labor*' that a felony warrant would be issued in a few days. I was sent on my way with a reassurance that the matter would be expedited since it was such an open and shut case after hearing all of the details. A few days later a pair of Johnson County Deputy Sherriff's showed up at my door and arrested me for a crime that was apparently unexplainable by either Deputy, but one Deputy name Billy Roberts, kept snickering all the way down to the Cleburne jail and chortling about how much trouble I was in, and that there were certain people that you did not cross and a few other rather entertaining and vague threats.

That afternoon I was tossed into the Johnson County jail with no proper explanation other than Deputy Roberts regaling me in how Marcia Morgan was a childhood sweetheart of Sherriff Eddie Boggs, and I messed with the wrong folks. Later that night just after the lights were dimmed for the evening, three (3) rather country looking gentlemen approached me and the fight was on. I will not add a page explaining how I began martial arts lessons at the age of three (3) and continued until I was fighting in sanctioned matches at sixteen (16). Needless to say, the injuries I inflicted on all three (3) bubbas, appeared to have changed the planned outcome of the lesson I was apparently supposed to be schooled upon. With no fanfare, and no explanations, the next morning I was handed my clothes in a paper bag, allowed to dress, then walked out a steel fire door that left me standing out on the sidewalk. I walked to a furniture store, informed the owner on what had just transpired, and I used the store phone to call for a ride home.

A few days later, I received a call from a Johnson County Detective informing me that I was going to be prosecuted by the DA's office for the check fraud involving wrongful prosecution. I was told that because I accepted a "***Post Dated Check, you have no right to prosecute!***" I began to angrily argue with the investigator that I was handed the check after dark and well after the close of business. Furthermore, if the check was not valid until the next morning and the check was dated for that morning, AND, no business banking hours would lapse within that twelve (12) hour timeframe, you cannot consider that being POST DATED. At that point, the detective/investigator, agreed with my argument, and informed me that Marcia appears to have left out a few minor details. Marcia lying to the Sherriff's department and the DA's office worked, since even though the aforementioned agencies declined to harass me any further at that time, her perjury scheme meant that at that time, the '*Hot Check*' was wholly ignored.

As a future precaution and within days of being technically cut loose by Johnson County law enforcement, a lien was registered with Tarrant County in where Marcia Morgan resided, and the Fort Worth Police auto-theft department who gave me the all-clear to repossess the car just in case the Nissan was stolen off my property. After receiving the Materialmans Possessory Lien against the title of the vehicle that I had been ripped off over, I sent Marcia an additional certified letter as required by the Texas statute. This triggered a rash of Marcia's family calling to threaten me and the threats of bodily harm came on a regular basis. The most obnoxious was Marcia's brother who she complained over the years of free meals that he had been in and out of both jail and prison. So apparently Marcia thought her brother was the most appropriate one to threaten to kill me, and talk about burning my house down. Each time I informed him that I was a martial arts instructor and that if I was forced to defend myself that I would thus not be legally responsible for any bodily injuries that he may incur. He found this quite humorous and continually ran his mouth, yet he never appeared at the house. The Nissan sat for a few months at the house locked up and blocked in my several other vehicles to prevent recovery. I now have to assume that it took Marcia a while to scrape together the money to launch her scheme to blame me for everything and retrieve the car without paying me one red cent. Marcia later hired Timmy Alteris, and had me properly served by a process server. When I read the pleading, I was stunned at not what the Plaintiff was claiming, since Marcia had always been a little unbelievable, but I was dumbfounded on why the SECOND PLAINTIFF'S were Sharron and Tommy Snow. The Snows had utterly no legal standing to file suit well outside the civil statute, but the level of outright fraudulent claims was stunning. I could see the scam coming, so I hired Dan Barrett to take on the case, and Dan brought in Susan Hutchinson who seemed to be very skilled in the law.

Just before the trial, I went to Dan's firm and we planned on the trial strategy, and I formally met Ms. Hutchinson. At this time, Dan warned me as to just how corrupt the Johnson County Courts were since it was so well known around the North Texas legal community, and Dan even shocked me by telling me that he was informed by the courts and opposing counsel Timmy Alteris that, TARRANT COUNTY LAWYERS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO PRACTICE IN JOHNSON COUNTY. Dan spent at least five (5) solid minutes laughing about that one; since we were unaware that Johnson County had seceded from the State of Texas! Dan also introduced me to Tim Sralla for the already anticipated appeal AFTER WE GET SCAMMED. During the tenure of Dan explaining all of the criminal dope and extortion schemes that Johnson County was famous for, Dan instructed me to meet him at his office so that we could all ride together down into Johnson County in order to prevent me from being pulled over, arrested and drugs planted on me, just as was a famous tactic from the pack of criminal thugs. The last act of absurdity, was discussing how WRONG IT WAS for Marcia Morgans' lawyer to be the JUDGE'S BROTHER! But, as crooked and corrupt as Johnson County was in the 1980's, Dan spelled out only about an hour of all the crap that these criminally abusive crime lords that have taken over an entire county inside of Texas, was all just part of the business. The logic behind Dan having Tim present in the meeting for the not just expected appeal, but the predetermined loss due to oncoming criminal level Judicial Misconduct, and the fact that the Snows were even being allowed to file suit, which was already grounds for an automatic dismissal, that was of course wholly and summarily ignored after Judge Alteris told me that he was the law!

The trial was simply a pure insult to the rule of law. Marcia talked JUDY LACKER into stealing the Snow's Files from her boss and my former lawyer Dan Foster. Judy was from my mother's lunchtime bragging one-upmanship "*cigarette pack*," duly named for the morning and afternoon breaks when the entire lunch group would go downstairs to stand outside the building and smoke cigarettes. The theft of the files from Dan's office credenza just added the final vestige to the level of criminality that Dan expected out of such famously corrupt courts. The testimony at trial can only be described as, lie, after lie, after lie. One of the most insulting, is that on the stand and under oath Marcia Morgan claimed that she had NEVER ate dinner or eaten any meal at our home and basically lied that she did not even know "*those people*!"

The trial lasted an entire day that was spent on a magical fantasy of things that never existed and were just one bald faced lie after another that was comically supported by both Marcia and Sharron. Both had 3X5 cheat sheet reminder cards of all the things they were supposed to say, that they were coached on by the Judge's brother. During a bathroom break recess, I sat in the courtroom pews unbelievably disgusted as how nauseatingly dishonest most people were, and then I saw through an open door, Judge Alteris pause a second, remove a small container from his pocket, tap a white substance onto the back of his hand, and snort the substance up...his...nose. Judge Alteris was shocked when he turned to one side, and saw me sitting in the otherwise empty courtroom, and in a panic reached over and tossed the container into a nearby desk. Alteris straightened up, and then stared at me with one of the coldest and hateful looks that I have ever received. Once trial resumed, Judge Alteris kept staring at me, as if to intimidate me, to the point Susan Hutchinson commented on it after the trial. After I told Dan what I witnessed, he told me that I needed to come to his firm to record what I saw. The Judge ruled for the Plaintiffs monetarily, but never ruled either lien that Timmy Alteris FORGOT to address, thus the judgment for money, and immediate return of the vehicles, and nothing else.

Dan Barrett stood up and clearly presented immediate verbal notice of appeal that would be filed the next day, and instead of the court waiting for the timely notice to be filed, the Notice of Appeal was ignored. What this means, is that Judge Alteris, STATING ON THE COURT RECORD that I possessed a legal Texas Blue Title to the Pontiac Bonneville, he awarded it to the Snows without any legal standing, thus, the car was STOLEN. This, directly pursuant to Marcia Morgan poor choice in lawyers, Timmy Alteris forgot all about state registered liens that were still in effect and were never ruled upon, since they were not a legal issue before the court. After the trial, I was told the liens still stand, and that the appellate court would slam Judge Alteris for the theft of the Snow vehicle, and for failing to address the lien against the Morgan vehicle. I was told by United States Attorney Larry Regan, that a court's judgment was limited to the scope of the FOUR CORNERS OF THE MEMORANDUM, and thus assumptions of what the court meant to say are not acceptable in any form and thus my liens were still valid property claims that legal malpractice failed to address. I went out in the middle of the night with a tow dolly and legally retrieved the debtor's vehicle pursuant to Texas law pursuant to an unchallenged lien. Early that next morning Marcia called me screaming and told me she was about to have me arrested for auto theft and that she would see my ass in prison. The Fort Worth Police reminded Marcia that I was well within the rule of law and that I may have to answer to the court since it was a civil matter, and since it was a civil matter, she should have just paid the bill that you stiffed the mechanic for, and of course, Marcia did not like being told no.

Directly pursuant to the Texas Rule of Law, I planned on filing an appeal for the ridiculous monetary judgment and the return of the Bonneville, but what is written within the law books is irrelevant to the Johnson County Courts who Tommy Alteris even proclaimed from the bench that "*I Am The Law And Don't You Forget It.*" After repossessing the vehicle Marcia reported the Nissan stolen to the Fort Worth Police who once I presented the lien, sent me home.

(5) THE PREEMPTIVE BACKSTORY OF THE MODERN COST OF BEING HONEST IN A DISHONEST SOCIETY PATTERNED AFTER CORRUPT DEMOCRATS OF THE 1980'S

Please allow me to pause between summations for a very much-needed quick explanation in order to properly support the timeline and keep from confusing people. In order to explain why I was forced to move back in to my mother's home south of Burleson, Texas after I was terminated from a Fleet Mechanic / Heavy Equipment Body & Paint Repair position at Coors Distributing in order to prevent me from TELLING THE TRUTH TO THE FORT WORTH POLICE. Just after the previously explained closure of the race car fabrication business in where I lost EVERYTHING, I was forced to sell off all of my car collection including a 1934 Ford Five (5) window coupe with a Blown 392 Hemi, and a 1953 Burgundy Jaguar Roadster that I had just restored after finding the convertible with a missing top, and a tree growing out of the dirt filled hand tooled aluminum British body that was still in amazing condition, just nasty. Selling off the cars allowed me to break even, and walk away without any debt, but it also left me with nothing, and thus having to start over from scratch, and even being forced to save for a new tool chest in order to find a mechanics position. Debt free, but without a penny to my name, I went to work at a grocery store and saved every penny from my income to buy tools, and we paid our bills off of my wife's income. The grocery store was where I met Tommy Snow who I remembered from the Dragstrip, and was friends for years, until his wife took over the situation and began running the show, and Tommy who was deathly afraid of Sharron, let her by cowering in fear.

As the result of working double shifts and an entire series of satisfied mechanical customers, I was offered a position at Coors Distributing that did not require the Technician to provide their own tools, which was common with the large in house repair systems such as a beer truck company. A few years after being hired by VP Doug Anfin, who I knew all of Doug's grown sons from the Green Valley Dragstrip and the street rod community. The shop was run by one of the most disgusting human beings I have ever known. Clarence Lavach was a Polish World War II immigrant who would sit around the shop and brag about how many Polish citizens he turned in to the NAZI's during the war in order to rid his parents of all of the people they did not like. He would avail us of all the tales of how much he enjoyed watching the firing squad kill people on his parents "*shit list*." Besides being an utterly repulsive human being, Clarence was wholly lacking in any form of personal hygiene, and was far too nasty to personally describe here. When Clarence would come over to kick your wooden mechanics creeper to ensure that you had not fallen asleep under a truck, he would stop to lift his leg while shuffling across the shop so that you can revel in his smell, that often led to Clarence defecating himself while standing over the creeper you were laying on and laugh hysterically as you gag.

Thanks to Clarence's abrasive personality, and who could do no wrong since he had been with the founder John McMillon since before it was Coors, and was then Jack Distributing, Clarence was in fact the most dishonest person I have ever met, and a proven liar and thief. Suffering through several years of daily verbal abuse from '*Daddy Lavach*' as the entire shop referred to a man who survived off a dozen cans of Vienna Weenies a day, and thus hence the smell Clarence proudly generated that he used as a weapon of abuse. During one rather hot summer day in a shop with no fan circulation, I was tasked to follow Joe Eckles up to the dry storage floor above the loading dock building. While mulling around in the storage floor that was rarely ever even entered, in fact, until that day I had no idea the room even existed, I came across an entire wall full of very expensive heavy truck parts. While standing there admiring the almost brand new, complete tilting front hood assembly sitting on the floor from a Ford LN8000 Truck Tractor worth about \$15,000.00 at that time. Inquiring as to "*Why all of the truck parts are stashed up here in the dark and not down in the shop parts room?*" to Joe, he responded: "*This is all of the stolen shit Daddy Lavack has bought from R.V. Pierce.*"

A few weeks later, a group of Fort Worth Police Detectives came out to speak to VP Doug Anfin from the Fort Worth Auto Theft Division. The visit was a follow-up to statements made by R.V. who in fact used to work for Clarence in the fleet maintenance shop at Coors. The truth that was learned from Doug a few days later, is that R.V. had been arrested stealing tractor trailers from truck stops in Oklahoma and chopping them up in North Texas on his families property. Clarence and Coors had been fingered by Mr. Pierce and Police Detective and Head of Auto Theft was Mr. E.G. Pate. Mr. Pate came to Coors sniffing around to see if he was being scammed for a plea deal by a desperate thief R.V. Pierce. After the police left, I saw Joe whispering to Clarence and Joe pointing over at me during the entire conversation. A large concrete shop building is a hard place to speak softly and conceal even the quietest of conversations. I heard enough to come to the conclusion that Joe was warning Clarence that I had seen "*all of the stolen shit upstairs.*" This was soon confirmed when just before the end of the day, Clarence approached me on the far side of the shop and asked me "*what the hell are you gonna to say when the cops come back?*" My response was "*I am certainly not going to lie to the Police for anyone, no matter who it is!*" Clarence shuffled away angrily mumbling to himself.

The next morning when I came in, Clarence stopped me and informed me that *"Doug Anfin told me to fire you this morning, so get your shit and get out!"* Clarence then began describing how I supposedly cost the shop too much in repairs and the trucks were taking too long to fix, yet the man could not look me in the eye. I walked out of the shop and went across the compound to the head office and asked to see Doug and the CEO and Founder John McMillan. Doug had no idea what I was talking about, and after I told him about E.G. Pate, and all of the stolen crap I had seen that was sitting above their heads at that very moment, both men turned to stone, and both became VERY nervous. Instead of firing Clarence, the cover-up began, and of course, because I posed a RISK OF TELLING THE TRUTH, and that I was a nobody, I lost my job because I would not lie to protect a pack of corporate thieves, even after I told them that Clarence was buying stolen parts, then faking purchase orders that only required Clarence's signature, then pocketing the huge difference between the stolen cash price, and the Truck Dealership Price. This means not only was Clarence a stolen property 'Fence' but Clarence was in fact defrauding and thus stealing from Coors Distributing, and ripping off his life-long friend and founder of Coors Distributing for tens of thousands of dollars.

Disgustingly, this little tidbit of information was included within this summation in order to prove to an impending federal civil jury and an international panel that telling the truth in our modern society in America is a dangerous and costly risk. Now, thanks to rancidly corrupt Democrats from the Southern Democrats like corrupt Ann Richards in the 1980's who ruled Texas like a dictatorial queen, to the vicious and vindictive Socialist Democrats of today, being honest can be a dangerous and sometimes fatal affliction.

(6) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE JOHNSON COUNTY CRIMINAL SCAM THAT DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

Standing on the sidewalk outside of the Johnson County Courthouse in Cleburne, Texas after the end of the outstandingly laughable Judge Alteris court sanctioned criminal scam, Dan Barrett suggested we *"move our asses and get the hell out of here before being tossed in the clink!"* We all piled into Dan's car to return to Dan's firm in where we all rode together down to Cleburne just in case the criminal gang attempted to frame me for some sort of crime, and this way my lawyer would be with me at the time. As soon as we pulled away from the courthouse square in the center of Cleburne, the first stoplight we came to, a Johnson County Sheriff's marked vehicle pulled in behind and began tailgating us for several miles. Dan began freaking out as I watched his eyes in the rearview mirror from the backseat. This act of nervousness triggered Dan to begin to enthrall all of us in the car with a story of just how criminally vicious that Sheriff Boggs crew of enforcers were. Unclear at the time as to fact that the woman he began referring to was a client, a friend, or both, Dan began talking about her teenage son and what this poor woman was forced to endure thanks to ravenously corrupt Cleburne criminals. The unidentified woman's son had been pulled over by a Johnson County Deputy Sheriff several years earlier when he first got his driver's license for speeding. While searching the boy's car without permission the Deputy magically found drugs in the car, and in turn arrested the young man. No phone call, no lawyer, the boy was taken into a room and told he was either going to work for the Sheriff's Department or go to prison, and there were no other options. The boy was let go and given a shoebox full of drugs that he was now tasked with selling in the local high school. The mother called Dan after the boy finally told his mother after she found bruises.

Dan continued the story of how when the boy began to scoff at the situation since he was not entrapping dope dealers for prosecution as he was originally led to believe, the boy in fact was a drug dealer for the Johnson County Sheriff's Department for the purposes of the resale of confiscated drugs, and the ones in charge of the whole scam was none other than Judge Timmy Alteris, Sheriff Eddie Boggs, and D.A. Dan Bullware. After the boy's confession to his mother that the bruises she discovered had prompted the boy's admission made to his mother out of frustration, quickly became serious injuries, since the sessions of "*smacking some sense in him*" became beating the shit out of the kid for compliance, the mother finally had the nerve to involve Dan who told us he had reported it to the federal authorities. This in turn prompted me to confess that I had seen judge Alteris snorting a line during the court recess which did not even shock Dan at hearing that Alteris appearing to be snorting cocaine during the trial was even new information. Apparently Judge Alteris was quite the public party boy and had a '*swingers*' reputation at the time, and that he had recently gotten in trouble after partying with a teenage girl and how it was all swept under the rug, as usual. Another corrupt Democrat does as he pleases.

Continuing to stare in the rear view mirror, Dan was keeping an eye on the Sheriff's car still riding our ass for the last few miles in heavy late afternoon Cleburne traffic. Suddenly Dan accelerated around the truck in front of us as the truck was slowing down for the yellow light in the upcoming intersection. Once Dan sped through the light, he was quite pleased with himself after "*ditching the bad news behind us!*" At that point, Dan began taking back roads and farm to market roads after Dan reassured us he already knew all of the back roads around the area and this way, it would prevent us from all being caught in a highway trap that was more than likely laid for us ahead before we would escape Johnson County. After arriving back at Dan's firm, we stood out in the parking lot in where Dan warned us to be careful during the Bonnevillie hand over that Judge Alteris had ordered from the bench for 7:00 PM that same evening, despite the fact that Dan was going to file an immediate appeal. Dan kept telling us how sneaky and criminally mean these people are and how I should not worry, since it will all soon work out, since there is no way Alteris, Boggs and Bullware will get away with what they are doing much longer, and with Dan's famous wry smile, Dan bid us good-bye for now, and see you all later.

I NEVER SAW DANIEL BARRETT EVER AGAIN

We jumped in the truck and drove home to Johnson County in where when we pulled into the cul-de-sac we saw the Snows sitting in Tommy's truck at the end of the driveway. A short time later a deputy sheriff's vehicle pulled up to the end of driveway followed by a tow truck since I told the court that I was in the middle of rebuilding another engine, and the engine was not yet completed. Despite this very clear statement Sharron Snow who never paid attention to anything anyone would say, ran past me and unlocked the driver's door, jumped into the driver's seat, and attempted to start a vehicle that had no car battery in it. Sharron began SCREAMING that "*I ripped her off again and that she was going to put me in prison and that I was nothing but a scumbag.*" Tommy walked up to her and began to calm her down and reminding her that I told them that I had been working on the car, and they will get it fixed, which I found amazing, since the Snows had called a tow truck knowing the material facts, BUT, that is what type of person that Sharron Snow was. The car was towed away and I went back in the house to go take a shower to go wash off the stink of liars, corruption and disgustingly dishonest friends who will do what ever it takes to screw over friends for a monetary profit. **But it was only the beginning.**

The day after the trial, two (2) Deputy Sheriff's began pounding on my front door, and after answering it and while the door was swinging open, Deputy Billy Roberts slammed the door with his right elbow, and shoved his way in the house and informing me that I was under arrest. "*For WHAT?*" I demanded to know. Roberts only answered with one word, "*Retaliation.*" Handcuffed in the back of the police car, I began to ask what I had done, and that I had not even left the house that day. After being tossed into jail down in Cleburne, I called my wife and told her what the scumbags were pulling, and to call Dan Barrett and then let my mother know what is happening. Late that same afternoon a lawyer who I did not know came and bonded me out of jail and began lecturing me on how I better show up for court or else he would hunt me down anywhere on the planet that I might go. PLEASE NOTE, HE WAS A LAWYER, AND NOT A BAIL BONDSMAN, since that is one of the scams exposed later to the FBI.

A few weeks later, I was formally arraigned after one of the lawyers in my mother's law firm called criminal lawyer Tom Hill as a favor to my mother, and directly pursuant to the fact that the lawyers at Mclean Sanders were well aware that people regularly disappear forever after being ensnared down in Johnson County. Out in the hallway outside the courtroom I met Tom Hill for the first time and he spent a few moments bragging about his experience and how "*these fuckers are not going to get away with this!*" I have to admit, I was a bit skeptical, since I was thinking to myself that this guy has no idea of what he is up against and these creeps are going to eat this guy alive. That assessment later on turned out to be right on the spot! We walked into the courtroom and we passed the lawyer that had bonded me out sitting in the outside edge of the gallery pews. Standing before the bench, the retaliation charge was read, and the next hearing was scheduled for the following month, AND THAT WAS THE SCAM BEING LAUNCHED.

Within minutes of returning home, I called Dan Barrett's office and told his secretary that I had been arrested OVER A CIVIL CASE and I had no idea what these criminals are up to. I was told by his secretary that a "*solution was already in the works*" and that I needed to come into the office to give a statement. Upon walking into Dan's Law Firm, I was directed to a conference room in where I sat in the center of a long conference table. To my left at the end of the table sat firm lawyer Susan Hutchinson, and at the far end at the right of the table, sat firm appellate lawyer Tim Sralla. Both began to trade off speaking alternatively as they both began informing me that my appeal was going to be dismissed after the firm was visited by some individuals from Johnson County. To this day, I do not know WHO threatened Dan Barrett and his firm, but it was insinuated that a group of Judges may have done the trick. I was told the firm would forgo my bill and that I would owe no monies for anything, but that everything would be dropped. I began to complain that I was not consulted over ANYTHING they were speaking of, and that was met with silence and neither of them could even look at me. After an uncomfortably long pause, the door opened and a sharply dressed gentleman walked into the conference room. He introduced himself as FBI Special Agent James B. Lamb. Agent Lamb reached into his suit pocket and retrieved a business card that he in turn handed to me across the table.

After Special Agent Lamb reached down to the floor and placed a valise upon the table that papers began to spill out of, both firm attorneys Hutchinson and Sralla left the conference room without saying a word, and I never saw either of them ever again. Special Agent Lamb described how he has been after the Johnson County Crew for quite some time, and now with my witnessing a sitting Judge snorting coke during a civil rights violation trial, I may hold the keys.

IT NEEDS TO NOW BE FERVENTLY NOTED THAT AT THIS POINT THE FBI ARE AWARE OF EVERYTHING THAT THE JOHNSON COUNTY CRIMINAL CREW WERE GUILTY OF, AND WHAT CRIMES WERE BEING PROPAGATED AGAINST ME. I talked for well over an hour and spelled out the entire mess, and we even spoke about me being tossed in jail for a beating that failed to work out, which Agent Lamb enjoyed a rather hearty laugh over no less than three (3) 'bubbas' getting hurt for their troubles. At this point, I was reassured by Special Agent Lamb that my arrest to prevent an appeal in a rigged civil case was in fact a series of federal crimes, but that Lamb had bigger fish to fry. The fact that there were no bail bondsman and that lawyers held your bond instead, and that meant that your lawyer could have you arrested for not paying your legal bill, was just a long spreadsheet of federal crimes that Special Agent Lamb was working on. I was informed that I needed to just "*quietly cooperate and go along with whatever they pull so that you can be a material witness.*" THIS WAS WHY I did not contact the local or national media, since the FBI was supposedly working on it.

MONTH AFTER MONTH, I would meet Tom Hill in the Johnson County Courthouse out in the hallway, and we would go through the motions. My mother kept telling me what a respectable and brilliant lawyer Tom Hill was, and how he would make all of them pay for what they did to me. Instead, it took half a year of stringing me along with a monthly arraignment until I finally saw a plastic GOLDEN GRIDDLE SYRUP BOTTLE full of what looked like motor oil in it, as the "*evidence that was going to put me in prison!*" No evidence seal, no documentation, and in fact the grocery store price tag was still on the cheap plastic bottle. Over a several month period, Tom Hill even discussed as to this case was "*nothing but bullshit to keep you quiet.*" On what I think was his seventh (7th) monthly trip to the Cleburne courthouse Hill was called into a meeting in where my mother and I sat out in the courtroom for almost two (2) hours. Tom Hill came to the courtroom pew, and motioned us to follow him out in the hallway. Tom Hill began to angrily inform me that this matter was not going to go on forever and his patience was wearing thin. When I refused to accept a plea bargain for an act of criminal extortion in order to stop me from filing a perfected appeal on such an easily reversible insult to the rule of law, Hill lost his temper and began to clench his fists and never filed any motions to end it.

After some bantering, then came the threat, that in fact, according to the FBI, WHO OFFERED TO PROSECUTE TOM HILL FOR FEDERAL CRIMINAL DEPRIVATION OF CIVIL RIGHTS AND CRIMINAL EXTORTION, at the time, then came the sanctimonious lecture that changed my life forever, and that I am still forced to answer for, TO...THIS...DAY! Tom Hill told me that I was welcome to complain about him to whoever may or may not believe me, since it was his word against mine, and that I would be appealing my criminal conviction from the Texas Penitentiary. Hill even insultingly threw in on how he respected the fight I was putting up, and he would have liked to had guys like me in Viet Nam, who never surrendered, but there was a time to throw in the towel. I was led back in front of the Judge who openly laughed at my final breakage, and they gloated over the win and even high fived each other, and yet Tom, could no longer look me in the eye. A few years later when I was coming out of a Tarrant County building in downtown Fort Worth after renewing my Tags, I saw Tom crossing the street, the man took one look at me, and almost broke into a run getting away from me. BUT, the problem is, he is allowed to run from the crimes he committed against me, but I have not enjoyed that level of dismissal, since I am still answering for his actions more than three (3) decades later, and we are going to deal with this matter, in United States Federal District Court.

When DA Bullware conspired with my lawyers Tom Hill and Dan Barrett after threatening them into obedience, Bullware's plan was to not only forcibly terminate my appealing the Altaris brothers court scam, protect their drug resale operation in the junior high and high schools, protect the bail bonds scam, it was wholly intended to RUIN THE REST OF MY LIFE BY KEEPING THE MATTER OPEN FOR DECADES TO COME, & IT WORKED PERFECTLY, AND THUS THE INTENDED LONG TERM RETALIATION SCHEME WORKED PERFECTLY, AND THE SCAM CREATED THE '**SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM.**'

(7) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE FORT WORTH I.S.D. CRIMINAL SCAM THAT DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

A decade later I was working for the Fort Worth Independent School District as a Fleet Mechanic School Bus Technician. During my tenure as an "*apprentice*" until a '*master*' position opened through retirement or death, I received a notice to attend a termination hearing down at the administration building located on University Drive in Fort Worth, Texas. I was informed that there were PENDING CRIMINAL RETALIATION CHARGES AGAINST ME THAT I NOW HAVE TO ANSWER FOR. I sat for the next hour telling the Johnson County Scumbag tale that left everyone listening stone faced. Once I finished, not a word was said, since I had called the number on the card that Special Agent Lamb had given me, and the secretary I spoke to was told of the crap that I was about to have hung around my neck since it was so unbelievable. I am unaware as to who in the FBI contacted the Fort Worth I.S.D., but after something was faxed to the school system, no apologies were issued, and I was told to report back to work, and I thought that was going to be the end of the story, but not quite.

During my tenure of being assigned to Clark Field Bus maintenance facility located in south Fort Worth on Wichita Street and South Loop 820, I saw millions of dollars of goods passing through the facility that no materials ticket or work order addressed. Upon inquiring as to where all this crap is going, I was told by an unnamed person down at the administration building of the criminal scam being run by Eldon Ray and that it was pretty much common knowledge. I began looking into the material theft scam, and how dangerously the bus barn was being run by wholly corrupt Charles Hughes, who ranked up there with one of the most dishonest criminals that I have ever met. Hughes ran the bus barn and was clearly taking kickbacks from the crew down at the administration building to look the other way as millions of dollars of stolen goods were being passed through the shop parking lot and with Charles looking the other way. I decided that instead of risking everything on one complaint, that I actually DRAFTED TWO (2) COMPLAINTS, ONE (1) TO THE WHOLLY CORRUPT BOARD OF EDUCATION, AND, THE OTHER TO THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATIONS.

Just as expected, the Board of Education complaint was met with massive retaliation, and I was put on suspension and scheduled for a termination hearing down at the administration building. The joke that was comically referred to as "*due process*" was a trial in where I had to represent myself. I was not allowed to present a single shred of evidence, and I was not allowed to speak about anything contained within my complaint to the Texas Department of Public Safety, over the unsafe mechanical condition of special needs bus maintenance and improper state inspections. The rigged trial meant that I was limited by a panel of Educators to my alleged '*bad behavior*,' and thus the trial was humiliating and the worst personal insult I have endured.

Since I had a perfect work record and no documented history of bad behavior that did not magically appear until after I complained to the State Authorities, the case was an utter joke. When I was noticed of the impending civil rights retaliation scam against a school system and thus Texas State Whistleblower, I hired a legal expert in the Whistleblower legal category, in lawyer Andrew Trusevich, the most HONORABLE PERSON I HAVE EVER MET IN MY ENTIRE LIFE. Andrew advised me to let them do whatever they wanted at the trial and to just grin and bear it. After my conviction for telling the truth at the administration building of the Fort Worth I.S.D. Andrew filed suit in Texas State District Court. Before hand, and thus while I was still at the maintenance shop at Clark Field, I had noticed a brand-new Cadillac parked out at the edge of the inner parking lot, inside the fence perimeter. When I asked about it, I was told to mind my own business, and that, "*it was a gift*" for someone that is going to solve a problem. I found out later, the problem was me, and the gift with no state paperwork to be found anywhere in the shop, was for the Texas State District Court Judge about to hear Andrew's case.

I was terminated as a result of the administration non-legal trial for revealing the truth about how corrupt the school system was in the handling of taxpayer and Texas state funding, and thus I foolishly thought that Andrew was going to actually allow me my day in court. INSTEAD, when the day of court finally arrived, I met Andrew in the hallway outside the courtroom. We consulted for a few minutes on what was going to transpire, then we walked into the courtroom, and then it happened. Andrew and I both paused after we entered the empty gallery, only to stand there in awe while listening unnoticed by the group standing down in front of the judge's bench, and on the opposite side of the counsel tables. The judge was standing there having a jovial conversation with Plaintiff's legal counsel and wholly corrupt David Chappell, a lawyer from Chappell's firm, a legal assistant from Chappell's firm, two (2) members of the Board of Education, and President of the Fort Worth I.S.D. Board of Education Gary Manny. Gary was all smiles while discussing the golf weekend that they all enjoyed with the Judge, and Gary was inquiring if the Judge was enjoying his new Cadillac! Andrew grabbed me by the upper arm and motioned me to head back out of the courtroom once Chappell's legal assistant noticed Andrew and I standing there listening, and after she drew attention to us to the entire group. The group fell silent, and all turned in unison and began staring at us with utter disdain.

Exiting the courtroom after the Judge broke the silence after pointing at me and inquiring, "*Is that Him?*" Andrew and I walked about fifty (50) feet from the doors, and Andrew halted around the corner by the elevators. Andrew began to laughingly shake his head in disgust, and just stood there for what seemed like forever. Suddenly Andrew blurted out. "*I hope you brought a tube of Preparation H, because we are about to get F****D!*" We both turned and looked at each other and simultaneously burst out laughing, in which I responded with "*sometimes you have to just laugh at the absurd!*" We returned to the courtroom and enjoyed the show after being slammed in the act of Judicial Misconduct via a wholly improper '*EX PARTE*' meeting with opposing counsel. The highlight of the trial was embarrassingly watching David Chappell make an utter fool out of himself. Chappell railed for twenty (20) minutes straight on the Federal Whistleblower Act and how it does not apply to me, so therefore the court should treat me as nothing more than a disgruntled employee. I looked over at Andrew sitting to my left who was trying his best not to burst out laughing in open court, and I knew EXACTLY what Andrew was snickering and chortling about. When Chappell finished his blowhard speech, the Judge called on Andrew to retort. Andrew sat a moment, then stood up and delivered a knock out punch!

Andrew began with holding up his copy of the very same United States Supreme Court Ruling that Chappell had just been extoling in order to aggressively shove his point down the courts throat. Standing there for a dramatic pause, Andrew flipped to the last page, and pointed out to the court that if indeed Mr. Chappell had performed just a little more due diligence, then Mr. Chappell would have discovered that the Supreme Court had adopted the very astutely drafted pleading before the court by the lawyer that was arguing the legal issue then before the court. The problem with Mr. Chappell's argument is the lawyer that had drafted the brilliantly drafted pleading, was in fact, my lawyer sitting there next to me, Andrew Trusevich! This means, that Chappell was actually arguing the Whistleblower act, with the very same lawyer that in essence, DRAFTED THE WHISTLEBLOWER ACT ITSELF! Chappell sat there in silence for several minutes with the Judge silently glaring at the star of the show, with egg all over his face. Chappell grit his teeth, his face turned beet red, his lips puckered out, and I actually thought the man was about to have a stroke, but instead, Chappell angrily turned around to the pew behind his conference table, and informed his legal assistant, "*YOUR FIRED.*" I have to now admit; it was extremely difficult not to burst out laughing. Andrew just sat there smiling with his elbows on the table just shaking his head. Chappell then requested a recess, which the Judge denied.

The Judge asked Chappell if he had anything further, and Chappell then turned mean and nasty and thus began showing his true colors as Chappell began using and abusing the Johnson County Bullware retaliation and began painting me as a horrible human being, since that appears to be the modern effect of the truth on people today. Chappell painted a very ugly picture of what a dishonest and corrupt person that I was, even though Chappell never proved squat, then the hearing was over. The Judge was unable to rule on the spot. Andrew called me a few days later and told me that we of course lost, then Andrew invited me to his firm the following week for lunch. According to the corrupt Fort Worth I.S.D., the cost of the truth and to summarily AVOID THE TRUTH...WAS A SHINY NEW CADILLAC! The Court of Appeals of course refused to hear the case, and thus Dan Bullware and the Johnson County '*Southern Democrat*' drug dealing scumbag criminals won again. After this, it appears that Andrew became disenfranchised with how corrupt the legal system in Texas is, and Andrew soon quit private practice and in turn accepted a position as '*In house Counsel*' at corporate Rent-A-Center headquarters, where he appears to still be employed to this day according to the State Bar of Texas.

(8) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF A SIMPLE CITATION THAT SETS THE STAGE TO AID IN PROVING HOW CORRUPT ALL THE COURTS ARE IN WHOLLY DEPRIVING A PRO SE DEFENDANT OF ALL CONSTITUTIONAL, FEDERAL, AND HUMAN RIGHTS

Normally, something as trivial as a simple speeding ticket would or should not bring about massive changes in the courts, or been seen as pivotal material evidence of severe **Texas State Approved Corruption And Criminal Deprivation of Civil Rights**, but Judge Reyes set the stage for this case of criminal exposure. On or about the year 1998, on a simple trip back to my house from a trip to Home Depot, I was wrongly issued s speeding citation for another driver's actions which in turn set the stage to illustrate how severely corrupt the City of Fort Worth. The name to remember in this summation is **MUNICIPAL JUDGE JO ANN REYES**. Judge Reyes will come into play in a major case and is in fact going to be a major material witness in the impending federal civil rights and massive Texas & Federal Bivens Action abuse of power litigation about to be filed, that all of you assumed that you lied your way out of this.

While travelling down Everman Parkway in South Fort Worth, I was putting along at approximately forty (40) MPH heading eastbound and only approximately one (1) mile from my home. Everman Parkway is a divided parkway with a concrete and grass median running the full length until the parkway ends, and is separated into separate roads on each side of an open storm drain water collection cistern with three (3) concrete bridges crossing over the flood culverts and connecting the neighborhoods on both sides of the now divided roads. Approximately a mile and a half from the freeway down the unified commercial parkway there is a small Fort Worth Fire Department single story and only two (2) fire doors substation. The small 1960's flat roofed fire station is small enough, that Fort Worth installed a freestanding diesel-refueling tank that is the size of a large truck. The tank sits halfway up the fire station driveway and to the right side of the station, so that when a full-size motor vehicle is parked along side the fuel tank, it is completely concealed from oncoming traffic. Texas state law forbids police cars from being completely concealed behind stationary objects in order to prevent the shock and surprise accidents create by citizens slamming on the brakes when the police car is finally revealed to oncoming traffic.

Upon approaching the point that the officer police vehicle would be exposed, I viewed my neighbors teenage daughter approaching the rear of my one-ton dually at a very high rate of speed, which in fact was a normal thing for Jollie, who drove in a quite dangerous manner. Jollie drove a small bright red Supra that her father had regretfully co-signed for. He complained to me while standing in my workshop helping him fix whatever it was at the time that someday she was going to kill herself in that damn car. As Jollie came screaming up on my bumper, she whipped around my to my left (drivers side) at a very high rate of speed and smiled as she went by my four wheel drive bright red Dodge work truck. My dually sits approximately three (3) feet off the ground, and is quite loud pursuant to the fact the truck is powered by a ten (10) cylinder Dodge gasoline 'VIPER' engine. As Jollie whipped around my drivers' side, I looked over to my right and spotted the police car with an officer slumped down in the drivers seat with his head resting on the open window frame of the drivers door, apparently sound asleep with his eyes shut. As both Jollie and myself passed the point of exposure, the officer snapped awake more than likely from the alarm of his dash mounted radar gun that Jollie had just triggered ahead of me and just before she whipped around me. The officer snapped to attention, looked straight at me as I was passing where he was concealed, and after flicking on his lights, he sped out of the driveway and chased after me. When I looked up, Jollie was waving her right arm in the air out of the sunroof and I could see her laughing in her oversized 180-degree rearview mirror, that I helped her father install. I pulled over for the officer at the next cross street, (Campus Drive) and after greeting the officer, I attempted to inquire if in fact he had seen Jollie wiz by in her little sports car. The officer became angry and began to scold me that there were no other cars on the road. I was not going to argue with him, and while still yawning as if he had just gotten out of bed, the officer very sarcastically informed me that I should "*yeah, yeah, yeah, tell it to the judge*" Therefore, I thought this would be a simple matter of exposing the truth, so I set the matter for a hearing.

The hearing was scheduled in the Fort Worth Municipal Court of Judge Jo Ann Reyes and I assumed that I was fully prepared. After speaking with Jollie in front of her parents, Jollie accompanied me to court as a material witness. Jollie informed me that the reason she sped up to "*whip around me*" was due to her spotting "*the sleeping cop in the cop car behind the square thingy before when she was heading out, and he was still there heading home.*" That was all I needed to have Jollie reveal to the court, and I should have been able to walk away. Not hardly.

As soon as my case was called, I requested the court call the Fort Worth Police Officer to the stand. Judge Reyes ordered the bailiff to go retrieve the officer from the benches outside the courtroom. The Bailiff returned a few minutes later, and claimed the officer was asleep, and could not be woken, no matter how many times the Bailiff shook him. Please note, that besides Jollie, my entire defense was the officer was asleep on duty, and thus unaware of the material facts. Judge Reyes angrily told me to *'MOVE ON'* without the officer. I begged the courts pardon, but the officer sleeping was in fact the basis of my defense, and I moved for an immediate dismissal, which of course was denied. When the Bailiff returned to the hallway, two (2) fellow Fort Worth Officers happened upon the situation and who were there for other cases.

After shaking the daylight out of the sleeping officer, the officer staggering into to court and apologized to Judge Reyes. We then proceeded forward. I asked to approach the witness, and I showed the officer a poster board diagram of the parkway and the fire station that illustrated where the fuel tank the officer was concealed behind and was positioned in regards to the parkway. The officer instantly became irritated and told me *"that thing is NOT TO SCALE!"* I told the officer it was not meant to be and only for illustrative purposes. When I inquired if the officer was asleep that day, he became extremely argumentative and denied being asleep, then turned to the judge and yelled out, *"I don't have to put up with this crap, may I be excused Your Honor?"* Judge Reyes excused the officer and informed him that he would no longer be needed. Stunned, I then called Jollie to the stand, and that was when Judge Reyes began to scream at me. I was then yelled at that *"you are not allowed to call witnesses at a trial!"* My response was that Your Honor had just dismissed a material witness from the stand, and now I was calling number two (2) witness to the stand. I was shut down before I was allowed to expose any corruption.

Reyes gritted her teeth, then picked up her gavel, striking the gavel pad three (3) times, and proclaimed in a very angry tone. *"I have heard enough of this shit...guilty."* Judge Reyes stood up from the bench seat, pointed out in the hallway, and screamed at me, *"Go pay your fine at the window."* Reyes then stomped off out the courtroom side entrance. Instead of paying at the window, I went up to the City Attorneys office and served them notice of appeal, and I stood there and complained about Judge Reyes' very inappropriate behavior. I went home, drafted an appeal and filed it with the Tarrant County Second Court of Appeals. At the same time I filed a Judicial Conduct Complaint against Judge Reyes for conduct in the courtroom and her intentionally and maliciously DEPRIVING ME OF MY RIGHT TO A FAIR TRIAL. This Constitutional Protection is for any criminal charge, from minor to major, and protecting an officer who should not be on the force by convicting an innocent citizen of something they did not do, was clearly a violation of my Federal Civil Rights, and Constitutionally protected rights.

NOW THE FIRST CITY OF FORT WORTH SCAM. After the filing of a perfected appeal and paying for that appeal after paying for the required criminal appellate surety bond, I never heard another word from the court of appeals. My appeal was completely ignored, and more than a year later, I received a notice from the Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV) to attend a hearing in order to provide an explanation of the speeding ticket conviction that was recently applied as deduction points against my commercial driver's license, (CDL). During a Scouting function, I approached Fort Worth Police Chief Thomas Windham in order to relate a story of how dangerous it is to have an officer who falls asleep at the drop of a hat and who is utterly dishonest to the core, as proven by the officer's behavior in a court of law.

Chief Thomas Windham, who was in fact a very good friend who I had known for many years at that point from all of the times he volunteered personally at the Champion Field Day Carnival that I still fund and run to this day for Special Needs Kids. I informed the Chief of the Judge Reyes/Fort Worth Police SCAM and Tom told me that he knew exactly what Fort Worth Traffic Officer I was talking about, and that the officer was recently put on forced medical retirement after a long concealed by officer, medical diagnosis of NARCOLEPSY!

You see, as a Pro Se Defendant, I was just a nobody, and thus had NO Civil Rights, NO Constitutional Rights, and utterly NO Human Rights, JUST AS I HAVE BEEN SAYING ALL ALONG. BUT, when the same officer pulled the falling asleep with catching speeders on a prominent Fort Worth Lawyer, then that was a whole new game. The lawsuit that was filed against the Fort Worth Police and the City exposed the medical fraud protection scam, and the same crime committed against a Pro Se was excusable, but not when you commit a crime against an '*Officer of the Court*.' The hypocritical double standard is in fact a crime. I wrote to the Judicial Conduct Committee, the City of Fort and the Fort Worth Police. I was summarily ignored until I '*just went away*,' just like all other Pro Se Defendants, who are seen as an insult to the courts and are in fact treated as nothing but vermin and clearly seen as less than human.

(9) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE SAM'S CLUB, ROCKLINE, CNA INS, FDA PRODUCT LIABILITY MEDICAL INSURANCE FRAUD CRIMINAL SCAM THAT THE DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

To Begin, in no way shape or form was this EVER A CIVIL ACTION, IT WAS A STRAIGHT FORWARD SERIES OF FEDERAL CRIMES assisted in the creation of by sitting Federal Judge Sam A. Lindsay for his "*dear friend*" and Rockline lawyer Gary Elliston, founding partner of the Dallas law firm of DeHay & Elliston, and the FDA knew it then, and still knows it to this day, along with the DOJ, and the FBI. I have written quite extensively on this matter, so I will only go into the briefest of summations for the benefit of parties reading this criminal scam for the first time and who are not familiar with the facts that the Democrats have been concealing from the public for a decade and a half to date.

To date, the problem has been no matter how much I complain about the crimes being committed against my entire family by courts themselves through the criminal abuse from lawyers against a created Pro Se litigant, none of you have ever bothered to research the cases and actually document the crimes, since the crimes were committed by Democrats. Detailing the actual crimes to people who do not care and thus refuse to take the time to reveal federal criminal acts actually contained upon a federal court record, is negligent at minimum, and criminally complicit at best. What this now does finally prove, is that as a Democrat campaign mega donor such as Rockline and Google, if you give corrupt Democrats enough money, you can lie, cheat, steal, sicken, maim, and kill as many children and senior citizens as you damn well please!

Now back to the case. This singular criminal scam has been consistently complained about, but is the most revealing in the fact of how serious the far-reaching criminal consequences of such a ruthlessly cruel medical insurance fraud scam that has far reaching effects all over the globe. Without this scam, I would have left for Europe to hawk my first novel through the Virgin Megastore chain, come home with the sales minimum, then opened my publishing company.

INSTEAD, my little girl was scammed by a viciously greedy and cruel dead NAZI who thought that his unscrupulously devious lawyer Gary Elliston was smarter than the father of an infected child that the NAZI founder of Rockline, deceased Ralph Rudolph, and his murderously greedy insurance company CNA, were wholly intent on destroying. As a toddler, our little girl had some bathroom issues, therefore for comfort purposes, we purchased a baby wipe warmer to reduce the cold shock from the ice cold wet wipes. This one factor, was in effect, created the perfect storm of rampant corporate greed, that later would reach all the way around the planet. Our child began suffering from unexplained infections and illnesses, and no matter what children's hospital, all the experts were baffled, but since hindsight is 20/20, the blindness was directly pursuant to the wall of legal malpractice sealed with the mortar of corporate greed.

During the tenure of the three (3) month period in the fall of 2006, instead of preparing to leave for Europe to debut my newly completed feature length novel *'The Last Breath of Mars'* as a family we were instead in and out of Cook Children's Hospital and University of North Texas Hospital (hereinafter known as 'UNT'), with a medical mystery that stumped the best doctors available. The three (3) month timeline is quite notable, due to the fact that during this very same timeline, INSTEAD OF TELLING THE TRUTH, the Rockline former NAZI founder Rudolph and his brutally cruel sons were belligerently screaming and berating all of Rockline employees into fearful submission and intimidated silence. This perpetuating silence of hateful level greed to let a child DIE rather than admit to the truth, led to the fact that I was forced to abandon my European Book Tour to instead make the obvious choice to save my child's life. A life that was later threatened by Tony Romas from CNA Insurance to be a point of contention and outright blackmail in order for Rockline to use their criminal conspirator to bludgeon the parent of a wounded and sick child with an act of extortion of outstanding cruelty, by claiming that the death of that child victim would be used to destroy the parents of that same child victim in court, if I refused to abandon my work product loss claim. Otherwise, once this matter went past a simple product refund, and it became a multi-million-dollar monetary claim, letting a child die, then abuse the malicious and intentional death of that child, this matter became one of a matter of criminal level child abuse and Texas felony injury to a child and a federal criminal conspiracy.

It has to be made very clear that while a series of doctors were scratching their heads and what was causing the bacteriological infections in a toddler, Rockline was ruthlessly screaming and threatening Rockline employees into belligerent silence. Finally, after a few months some of the employees had enough. One thankful Whistleblower who finally mustered up the courage to speak out against such vicious criminals, was Rockline Employee Sam Wilson, whose wife would also suffer from cross contamination/infection from the Burkholderia Cepacia that Rockline would in turn lie its way out of at a later date. Once Mr. Wilson "*snitched*" on the Rockline NAZI to the FDA, the hunt for whoever finally ratted out the criminal pack was launched by Rockline to hunt down the Whistleblower, even resorting to hand writing analysis of the FDA complaint. Sam Wilson and other Whistleblowers finally triggered a forced response from the FDA that in turn resulted in the FDA enacting a mandatory FDA Federal National Safety Recall. When that FDA letter arrived, that was only sent to customers of the infected products by Sam's Club own computer records that Rockline would also lie their way out of later, the medical mystery was FINALLY SOLVED. From the fall of 2006, until the fall of 2008, and after I was threatened by Tony Romas from CNA Insurance to use the death of my child against me, CNA insurance wholly stonewalled my family, and they paid for NOTHING, ZERO.

After fighting from two (2) entire years, I was finally forced to file suit against Rockline, and the product retailer Sam's Club. We in turn mistakenly hired a Dallas product liability injury lawyer Patrick W. Powers, who right off the bat began lying to me in fraudulently claiming that Powers had already "*whipped*" Sam's Club in court previously on several occasions. That mistake of trusting such a devious and nasty little man was one of the major regrets in my life. It turned out later that Gary Elliston was able to weaponize Powers own '*little man*' ego against him, and played upon Powers savage level of greed to turn on a sick child, that in turn allowed Rockline, Elliston, CNA, and Judge Lindsay to launch a Federal Criminal Medical Fraud Scam that NEVER would have been able to be created without Powers savage dishonesty to sit back and watch a child die for monetary gain. Once Powers filed suit, I failed to hear from him for quite some time. It turns out that Gary Elliston, the senior founding partner of the Dallas law firm of DeHay & Elliston, was able to buy off Powers and convince Powers that the baby wipes were not part of the product recall. Gary faked the run numbers after Powers paid for a low-budget pee-in-a-cup test. When Powers called me and informed me that the cheap urine job testing pre-employment screening lab, who had never even heard of Burkholderia Cepacia, the lab had no idea of how to even test for such a rare soil and water borne bacteria. A room temperature petrie dish cold swab, was predictably negative, since Burkholderia Cepacia required a body temperature cultured growth median, **thus the baby warmer!** When I attempted to explain all of this to Powers, he became vindictively hostile, since thanks to the aforementioned '*little man ego*' Patrick Powers is utterly, INCAPABLE OF BEING WRONG!

Instead of performing a proper test that would have been far costlier, Powers basically told me to piss off by default, since after that, I never heard from him personally ever again, at least not until he turned on my entire family in a stunning case of CRIMINAL LEVEL LEGAL MALPRACTICE. When I demanded that Powers return the Sam's Club 240 count box of wet wipe refill packages, Powers **POURED BLEACH INTO THE OPEN PACKAGES TO DESTROY THE BACTERIA IN ORDER TO PREVENT POWERS FROM SELFISHLY AND HUMILIATINGLY BEING PROVEN WRONG!** During the inspection of the case with what smelled like Clorox dripping out of the box, (that I still have for inspection purposes) Powers overlooked one unopened package. I took the package to a doctor at UNT, who turned the package over to the staff in the hospital basement, placed the freshly opened wipes into an Electron Scanning Microscope that in turn took pictures of the bacteria that Powers tried to murder in order to cover his own ass. All of the pictures and blood tests were not available until it was too late to stop the scam that Judge Lindsay was participating in the launch and criminal perpetration. To ensure that Gary was successful in stripping an infection crime victim of their legal counsel, Gary bribed Powers into coming to work for opposing counsel. YES, you read that correctly, Powers actually stabbed a little girl in the back and went to work for opposing counsel in a stunning criminal level act of legal malpractice. To ensure that the child abuse scam took, Powers even vindictively and wholly improperly had his new boss at DeHay & Elliston served with the litigation **AFTER LEAVING THE CASE** in order to strip me of the time and ability to find new legal counsel, thus creating a **FORCED PRO SE LITIGANT THAT CAN BE DESTROYED BY THE COURT**. During the next hearing, there was no doubt that Judge Lindsay was in on the scam, since Lindsay began scolding me from the bench on how if I would stop attacking my former lawyer who I was in the process of fighting Powers departure from the case, then maybe I would actually be able to hire new legal counsel. At this point, and while being yelled at, the scam was clear but of course I was unable to prove it at this time.

All scams are always based upon some sort of kernel of truth, and when Judge Lindsay was screaming at me from the bench and serving me with the condescending lecture, Lindsay's anger gave up the game at this primary point. During the tenure of a court ordered status meeting I had sat and made small talk and casual conversation with DeHay & Elliston's firm partner Pamela Williams and firm associate Courtney Bowline. While speaking with Courtney, we discussed staying in shape along with a variant of other daily topics and no particular value such as my C.C.W. gun license that I was attacked over. I revealed that I teach martial arts and began with lessons at the age of three (3) and by the time I was sixteen, (16) I was fighting professionally in martial art competitions. This was a conversation about self fitness and exercise, and nothing more, yet when Judge Lindsay began repeating verbal statements from a conference room meeting that His Honor was not present for, and that those conversations being quoted were not contained in any court document presented to the court, I knew damn well that Lindsay was speaking and improperly conferring with opposing legal counsel outside the confines of the court, thus Judge Lindsay and DeHay & Elliston, were meeting '*EX-PARTE*.'

With no legal experience and as a desperate father of a sick child who is sadly witnessing the scam being launched to stick it to an entire family of infection crime victims, I was utterly powerless to stop the scam that was gaining speed. Powers was allowed to escape the case and repeatedly retaliate while being protected by wholly corrupt Judge Lindsay. A few months after the aforementioned scheduling order status conference at DeHay & Elliston, magically, and without any warning, Chief Counsel Pamela J. Williams, suddenly became afraid of me, (C.C.W.) and ridiculously filed for an Order of Protection based upon chitchat conversations from several months prior. The Federal magistrate took one look at the worthless absurdity, and pronounced it as meritless and an abuse of the courts time, as he should. When Lindsay was told of the Magistrates honest and straightforward ruling, Lindsay lost his temper. No amount of words can accurately convey the anger shown that day from the bench, and the eye-to-eye contact that was clearly indicating that there was a clear and concise sexual tension that existed at that moment between Lindsay and opposing Chief Counsel Pamela J. Williams.

The order of protection was in fact a preemptive attack in order to avoid the impending filing of a Motion to Recuse Federal Judge Sam A. Lindsay that I had just properly conferred with Chief Counsel Williams by and through the required certificate of conference. The tactic worked, and even through the aforementioned recusal that was yet to be filed with the court, Judge Lindsay once again proved that he was meeting with opposing counsel, pursuant to the fact that Judge Lindsay was fully aware of the fact that I was about to seek his recusal from the case for extremely unethical behavior that was clearly multiple acts of documented judicial misconduct, and unable to prove at that juncture, were also an entire series for federal crimes.

The dismissal against the adults was granted with extreme prejudice in order to stick it to the adults in the case who Lindsay regularly insinuated that I was some sort of family/child abuse scammer. YET, if that was anywhere near the truth, then it should have been wholly inappropriate and highly improper to allow my child's federal civil rights to remain in tact, but that is exactly what happened. Lindsay had no problem destroying the adults in a family of crime victims as a favor to a pack of criminally corrupt lawyers Lindsay referred to from the bench as "*Dear Friends*" who I was threatened with six (6) months in jail over if I continued to disrespect the same scammers who were using the court to sanction an entire series of federal crimes.

This material evidence equates to the fact that Lindsay was UNABLE TO STICK IT TO A CHILD AND THAT FACT ALONE PROVES COMPLICITY, PREMEDITATION, AND CLEARCUT GUILT IN THE RIGGING OF THE CASE THAT CRUELLY STRIPPED MY CHILD OF EXPERT MEDICAL CARE AND RESOURCES FROM THE CDC AND THE FDA FOR HER ENTIRE CHILDHOOD. The court of appeals made the entire case my fault and thus fabricated some of the most tentative and flimsy excuses possible in order to support Lindsay's verbal and written attacks to wrongly convict me for the very same crimes that were committed against me, and those attacks are still being used against my entire family and me personally to this very day. As stated before, then as with all scams, the truth began to slowly ooze out and reveal itself after spending years having doctors throw Lindsay's public attack upon me for something I did not do back in my face on a regular basis. Once the doctors finally began to believe me, then the cards began to shift back into the opposite direction, or so I foolishly thought. My belief that the legal system was still true and just...**ENDED...RIGHT...HERE!**

(10) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE FEDERAL CIVIL RIGHTS, SLANDER AND DEFAMATION ACTION AGAINST ONLY ROCKLINE AND THE LAW FIRM OF DEHAY & ELLISTON IN WHERE JUDGE MEANS CRIMINALLY PROTECTED THE 'SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM' THAT THE FDA IS STILL CONCEALING DEATHS & INJURIES THAT THE DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

To Begin, there is not a single thing that is 'CIVIL' about this supposed federal civil litigation. From the filing to the criminally protective retaliatory scam, this case was a straightforward series of federal crimes. DeHay & Elliston, Rockline, and the criminally complicit lawyers were wholly protected from discovery thus request for productions, interrogatories and discovery was completely ignored by Judge Means in order for Means to provide criminal cover and concealment to everyone. This case proves that all criminal abusers, scammer, and 'FRAUD UPON THE COURT' federal criminal scammer were protected from all criminal exposure. Providing a summation is not just futile, the entire court record should now be taken by an appointed SPECIAL COUNSEL and used for prosecutorial purposes to indict and prosecute Powers, Rockline, CNA, Sam's Club, and all of the corporate criminal participants and all of the lawyers need to be made an example of, and all do harsh and unmerciful sentences.

This case is now a STUNNING act of criminal material protectionism of the federal criminal level court sanctioned hatred of Pro Se litigants and how all crimes committed against a Pro Se Litigant are acceptable. This case is now the poster-child for how the courts perpetrate the act of Criminal Deprivation of Federal Civil Rights, stripping a Pro Se Litigant of all Constitutional Rights, and how a Pro Se litigant is treated with such a vitriolic court approved disdain, and the courts approval of treating a Pro Se, (*whether by choice or created through fraud*) that the COA sees a Pro Se Litigant as nothing but vermin, and not even worthy of the most basic of human rights. There now needs to be an analytical accounting of every single Pro Se case filed in the previous three (3) decades to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt, that a Pro Se Litigant is not allowed to win, in any form. This case and the intentional and wholly malicious protection of the ongoing "SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM" can now show how the FDA knew all along that what was being done to hide sick & dead children & seniors murdered by Rockline, CNA, and with Sam's watching all along. Means knew all along that this was a federal crime and that was affirmed by Means' by denying Powers Vexatious attack to silence his crime victim.

(11) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE ALLY BANK CRIMINAL BANK FRAUD, CONTRACT FRAUD, AND JUDGE COSBY JUDICIAL BRIBERY SCAM THAT THE DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

Texas Judge Cosby's first series of Federal crimes,

This case is yet another abuse of the federal criminal Democrat Deep State FDA, FBI, and DOJ protected "*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*." Once my wife notified Ally Bank/GMAC of her intention to seek alternative medical treatments for our very sick child suffering from the Rockline infections that the pack of criminals had just finished lying their way out of, Ally began to threaten my wife. In the desperate attempt for a mother and father to find alternative medical solutions for our sick child, Ally suddenly demanded that my wife surrender her financed motor vehicle back to Ally Bank, without any deficient monies owed. When my wife Melissa balked at the idea and being bullied by a cold-hearted bank, she refused to cooperate. Ally hired a pair of wholly unscrupulous and utterly dishonest lawyers Justin Jenkins and Kimberly Hartman. This pair dragged my wife into Judge Cosby's court after refusing to answer any discovery that was issued for a quite specific legal reasoning.

From the bench, Judge Cosby began making unfounded and rather abusive accusations against my wife Melissa, and even accused her of secretly having a lawyer assist in the preparation of pleadings and legal briefs, that in actuality, were drafted by me. Judge Cosby's personal attacks from the bench were so one sided in wholly improper support of opposing counsel Justin and Kimberly, who Cosby repeatedly proclaimed as to what good friends and what good people they are, Judge Cosby was in fact and by defacto, improperly prosecuting the case for the lawyers who just sat back and watched the belligerent attacks. My wife finally became weary of the personal attacks after Judge Cosby came down from the bench, sat on the edge of the Defendants counsel table, and made extremely sexist and wholly inappropriate personally demonstrative comments that far exceeded normal court decorum in a verbal assault.

Once a judicial misconduct complaint was lodged with Chief Judge Walker, Judge Cosby began to openly retaliate against my wife. During the tenure of the final hearing, Judge Cosby spent over an hour making lewd and lascivious attacks upon Melissa that went far past crude. Judge Cosby made an entire series of false and derogatory accusations that far exceeded defamatory, directly pursuant to the fact that there were no material facts placed upon the court record by either dishonest lawyer that would support such inflammatory personal attacks directed from the bench. Towards the midpoint of the hearing, when Melissa complained that she was informed that a court reporter would be present in order to provide an official court record in order to file the perfected appeal that was going to be quite apparent in such a corrupt proceeding, Melissa was told that she was not going to get a court record since she would do something ugly with it, and to prevent her from "*bitching*." Towards the end of the hearing, Melissa dropped the hammer on opposing counsel that should have instantly won the case, and was actually the cause for a directed verdict that Cosby ignored. It turns out, that the automotive purchase agreement was NEVER SIGNED, thus NOT LEGALLY EXECUTABLE or even LEGALLY BINDING. Cosby began laughing when he was made aware of this, and warned Justin and Kimberly that "*You know, at some point this may become a problem!*" Then out of sheer spite, Judge Cosby then granted '*Summery Judgment*' to Ally. The COA ignored the case.

(12) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE TEXAS CITIZENS-ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND CRIMINAL BANK FRAUD AND JUDGE CHUPP BRIBERY SCAM THAT DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

Once again, a criminally unscrupulous bank abuses the "*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*."

And yet another case that proves just how corrupt the courts are when it comes to the court supported hatred that all of the appellate courts will fabricate any excuse necessary to support a court sanctioned attack on a Pro Se Litigant and criminal deprivation of rights. In the summer of 2007 when I incorrectly assumed that life was going to get better now that my first novel was complete, all no thanks to corrupt Democrats and child killing NAZI's and their disgusting lawyer, I co-signed on a 2007 Mitsubishi Eclipse for my then teenage son. It was meant to build my son's credit and be a life lesson, instead it turned to what Democrats do best, a perverse miscarriage of justice all pursuant to the Judge Lindsay criminal attack, and that is no supposition, it is a material fact that was placed upon a Texas owned court record, that corrupt Judge John Chupp has since destroyed.

A few years after the purchase, my son's employer went out of business through no fault of my son. My son Toby soon afterwards went to work for an inventory company, and has been at that highly skilled trade for fourteen (14) years now. During his job search, I responded to the late notices with a letter to general counsel pursuant to the extra ordinary level of harassment for a situation that was out of my control and that I was doing all I could to resolve in an equitable manner. Instead, Citizens General Legal Counsel ignored me, and vindictively filed suit against me, despite the fact that Citizen's had no legal standing to sue at the time. According to the F.D.C.P.A., a debtor may not file suit until a letter is presented of the potential litigation. NO SUCH LETTER WAS EVER SENT, BUT BRADY LIED ABOUT IT EXISTING ANYWAY.

Once Citizens decided to press forward despite the federal rule of law, Citizens allowed the case to linger in the courts for several years. The Texas State District Court case was snatched away from another court by Judge John Chupp for the lawyer pressing the issue who just so happened to be Chupp's "*best buddy*" from when before Chupp had just been appointed to the bench back then, as a favor to his mommy by Governor Bush. Each time the case entered the dismissal docket, Chupp personally retrieved the case that later on, Chupp would prosecute the case, all by himself and actually pose as the Plaintiff, and in turn violate more than half a dozen federal laws in the process, and even involve two (2) sitting governors in those crimes. After a few years, we finally ended up in Judge Chupp's courtroom, and it was one of the most disgustingly corrupt afternoons of my entire life. Chupp is the most arrogant bully that I have ever encountered, and that is truly saying something! Opposing counsel and Plaintiff's legal counsel Shawn K. Brady, of the Brady Law firm and Brady Collections firm, opening statement was almost half an hour long and was based solely on how I had scammed Sam's Club over something as trivial and petty as baby wipes in a money-making scheme that attempted to cash in on my child's faked illness. Once it was my turn, I lost my temper and I utterly demoralized Mr. Brady for his criminal abuse of a criminal frame that was exposed well before this case by the Judge Means case, then through the public attack at the time on how AG Eric Holder was covering for Democrat corruption. None of the actual truth was unknown to Mr. Brady, since the answer I filed with the court was sufficient to retort everything Mr. Brady just lied about.

Once I began demanding that Mr. Brady produce to the court the required written legal notice before suit could be filed, Chupp cut me off and demanded I move on, even though Brady had clearly just lied to the court. Just after I began arguing my case after Brady had his turn, Chupp stopped me while he was busy playing computer solitaire at the bench. Chupp then told me how bored he was, and then made a stunning verbal statement that should have been contained upon the court record that would have been at the center of a judicial conduct complaint. Judge Chupp sarcastically inquired from the bench of me, *"DO YOU LIKE PLAYING LAWYER?"* Making note of the angry look on my face, Chupp stopped the case after I began to question Brady on the Federal Fair Debt Collections Practices Act, and Chupp asked me, *"are you going to pay for the car right now?"* I responded with a *"NO, not after they have drug me through the mud, and illegally drug me into court even though they had no standing to file suit."* Despite the rule of law, Chupp then ruled for Brady, and ordered me to surrender the vehicle that my son had disappeared with, and that I had no idea of the location. I exited the courtroom, went directly to court reporter Tina Fett's office to order a certified copy of the court transcript and the recording, and then proceeded to stand on line at the County Clerk's Office to file the notice of appeal that I had already prepared, and that I informed Chupp that was already drafted.

Three (3) months later I received the court transcript in the mail that was going to be the main body of material evidence in a perfected appeal. Judge Chupp had sat and criminally conspired with court reporter Fett and not just butchered the TEXAS OWNED COURT RECORD, Chupp brutalized the transcript then instructed Fett to destroy the back-up recordings. Chupp went on the attack once the appeal was denied by the Tarrant County Second Court of Appeals, that actually informed me that appeals from Pro Se Litigants carried no weight, and that complaints from Pro Se Litigants were considered non-functional and non-actionable. This means, that the Texas courts clearly view Pro Se litigants are without any form of Federally protected Civil Rights, NO Constitutional Rights, and without a doubt, Pro Se Litigants are wholly without any form or even semblance of even basic Human Rights, and are viewed as basic vermin, and a provable insult and therefore a nuisance to all of the courts in Texas.

Judge Chupp took action on the case after judgment without a single motion filed from the Plaintiff. No post judgment discovery was ever sought or filed with the court, and Chupp took it upon himself to wholly take charge and become the banks personal enforcer. Out of the clear blue and as a STAGGERING ACT OF ABUSE OF POWER AND CRIMINAL RETALIATION, Judge Chupp sent several carloads of ARMED Tarrant County Constables to surround the entire block that my house sits upon. They embarrassingly swarmed my residence while I was at the hardware store, and upon pulling into my own driveway, I was manhandled and handcuffed **OVER A CIVIL CASE OF DEBT COLLECTION!** The Constables warned me on the way down to Chupp's court as to how dangerously mean he was. When I was PERP WALKED INTO CHUPP'S EMPTY COURTROOM, I was sat down at the empty Defendants table and was monitored by a Fort Worth Police Officer with a perpetual stare down. In such a quiet courtroom, I could overhear Chupp from his chamber calling Brady in a mad panic in order to make good on Chupp's criminal retaliatory attack. Chupp barked at Brady to hurry up in order to make this look good. Once Brady arranged for a deposition that I was DENIED THE RIGHT TO CHALLENGE OR OBJECT TO, I was forced against my will and in a direct violation of my civil rights by Chupp and I was humiliated by Collection Agency Brady who lied about being a Collection Agency, then Judge Chupp later LIED TO A UNITED STATES FEDERAL COURT.

(13) THE TEXAS SCAREGROUNDS FAKE CHARITY CULT CYBER-ATTACK BASED
UPON THE FEDERAL CRIMINAL FDA INSURANCE FRAUD SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM

This is one of the most severe criminal abuses of being publicly framed by corrupt lawyers for something I did not do and this matter needs to be set apart to the federal jury to illustrate just how corrupt the entire system is. A decade ago, my then eight (8) year old daughter wanted to volunteer at the haunted house that my son had been working at for many Halloween seasons. It has to be noted, that our children are fifteen (15) years apart due to medical issues that prevented us from having another child back then, but a decade and a half later, it was a simple medical procedure. This meant that the eight (8) year old little sister wanted to help out at big brother's (who was in his mid 20's) haunted house that was supposed to be a charity for a good cause. While taking my daughter to the haunted house, Texas Scare Grounds then located in Kennedale, Texas, I was approached by the owner Shawna Blakney with a pathetic sob story. Directly pursuant to the fact Shawna was aware through my son Toby volunteering at the Scaregrounds for many years that I funded and ran a charitable carnival for special needs children, Shawna requested from me that I help...save...her...charity. And that became a joke.

At first, I believed what Shawna was telling me due to the large operation that Shawna had built up over the years, then as I began to speak to the older volunteers who had been with Shawna for many years and in smaller previous locations, the truth slowly came out. It became painfully clear that Texas Scare Grounds was a parasitical business that profited from the public illusion of being all for charity. The only charity on the property was Shawna Blakney's purse. In a matter of only a few weeks, I came to know Shawna as one of the most dishonestly greedy and selfish people that I had ever met, and I was shocked at how many of the volunteers were aware of this, but did not care, because the haunted house was FUN. It was even a running joke as to how greedy Shawna was, and to watch out for the concessions stand, since Shawna would water down both the chili and cheese dip for the nachos so that she could make it go twice as far for twice the profit. The haunted house was permitted to run as a charity under the 503c charitable umbrella of Shawna's '*CARPE NOCTEM*' charity. The problem was, that Shawna never donated a penny to anyone, and in fact, stealing every penny that came in door was the sole source of monetary income to Shawna Blakney. I gathered up all of the milk crates containing all of the '*charitable papers*,' took them to a legal expert on charitable foundations, and after sifting through all of the deviously creative financial scams, it was determined that Shawna was a full blown '*Charity Scammer*,' and was one of the most creatively devious he had ever seen.

This assessment was wholly shared by the Internal Revenue Service Charitable Division after the receipt of PDF scanned documents that we forwarded to the IRS for charitable review. The '*CARPE NOCTEM*' charity was formally and permanently dissolved. Shawna actually attempted to lie her way out of this in a desperate attempt to keep the charitable funds flowing in. You really have to step back a moment to fully understand how sickening and ruthless Shawna was when it came to criminally abusing her fake charity to support her carefree lifestyle. Shawna discovered that she could maintain a complete endless hoard of free labor through the haunted house scheme. Shawna would send a driver to Coors Distributing in Fort Worth, who would in turn fill the entire pick-up truck bed full of free beer, since Coors thought they were donating to a good cause. This kept the '*beer closet*' fully stocked for extortion purposes. This offer of free beer to minors was the lure Shawna used to keep her swarm of little minions swirling around her.

The true point of dedication and sheer commitment from all of Shawna's little soldiers, was the haunted house dump itself. The metal building complex was a run down truck shop and old manufacturing facility that all the kids just adored. This was not just a haunted house to all of the close-knit cultural group of "*haunters*" it was more succinctly a sexual flophouse. To quote one of the teenage boys that was a hard-core supporter of Shawna, "*this place is free beer and a place to screw my girlfriend!*" AND THAT WAS THE RUB. Shawna had all these kids on a tight leash and they would do whatever she said, since getting drunk at fifteen (15) years old and having a flop house to "*bang the ole lady!*" was far more valuable to these kids, than all of the Texas State Jail Felonies that Shawna was committing on a daily basis. When Shawna received a charitable revocation notice, she instructed several hundred of her '*haunter*' kids to destroy me and my entire family. I was savagely threatened over Facebook, and Shawna even had a fifteen (15) year old become her '*investigator*' to search the Internet to find anything possible that could be used to retaliate and destroy me. This entire time Shawna was lying to her volunteers that her charity was real and it had never been taken away. Shawna even retaliated against my son Toby who had devoted at least a decade of volunteerism to Texas Scare Grounds by having his Mitsubishi Eclipse towed off to a junk yard so that the car would be destroyed or repossessed since Shawna was aware of the Citizens fight I was in the middle of at the time. This was to teach Toby a lesson for crossing Shawna, and she bragged to her minions that this is what can happen if you cross Shawna. Shawna even went farther, and her sexual plaything, her words not mine, in the form of convicted felon Travis Bell, hooked a chain to Treys vintage Kawasaki Ninja motorcycle and dragged it all over the property while all the minions cheered, and until there was nothing left of the bike. Travis was a common thief, since the fake charity allowed Shawna to abuse community service and probation assignments from the local law enforcement agencies. Anything that Shawna needed to be stolen, or drugs needed to be purchased, she had a ready supply of convicted criminals to do Shawna's bidding, and it only cost her stolen free beer and a place to allow the criminals to crash, meaning sleep off the hangovers, especially the DUI convictions, that were not allowed to drink. Alcohol given to children meant criminal obedience.

During the first few months of the Halloween season while my wife and I were getting to know Shawna in order to judge if Shawna was in fact telling us the truth, or was she the scammer that Karl had claimed she was. You see, Shawna was apparently an expert con-artist of this first magnitude. Karl was a former coworker of Shawna's in a previous incantation of an older smaller Texas Scare Grounds at another location. After leaving the property late into the night, Karl pulled over at the scene of a woman broken down in the side of the freeway. Karl was already three (3) sheets to the wind drunk, and therefore Karl made alcohol influenced poor choices out in the dark on the shoulder of a dangerous highway. Karl was struck by a vehicle and subsequently lost his arm. The amputation of a vital limb led to a one million (\$1,000,000.00) dollar insurance payout. This is relevant, pursuant to the fact that once Shawna smelled money, suddenly, it was "*I Love You, I Love You, I Love You, Now Give Me Money!*" as Karl so astutely put it. The fleecing of Karl allowed Shawna to push out the other owners of Texas Scare Grounds and take control and in turn move to a far larger location to increase the scam intake ten fold, and it worked, until the money well ran dry. When Karl put his foot down after being bled of hundreds of thousands of dollar, Karl said "*NO*" to the last demand for a sixty-seven-thousand (\$67,000.00) dollar check. Once the free money was gone, love immediately turned to HATE. Shawna suddenly deemed Karl was an abusive rapist (*her words*) and even accused Karl of molesting some of the minor teen girl volunteers, in order to drive Karl off the property, forever.

This would also guarantee that no form of repayment would ever be required from Shawna, since once you were scammed, then you were next in line to be destroyed by hundreds of her brutally mean little minions who would savagely trash any threats to the flop house, no matter how many lies had to be fabricated and spread like a disease of greed. This point is being made for the benefit of all the deviously dishonest and thus unscrupulous lawyers who will assume they struck gold when they run across all of the Internet attacks from all of Shawna's volunteer army. This is now going to be the only warning issued in this matter, be careful of what you read on the Internet. Shawna's vindictiveness even extended to demand that all of the music bands that would play at her music venue that Shawna was attempting to expand into in order to create a year-round charity scam, not just a Halloween scam that Shawna was unable to live off of all year, especially with her luxurious spending habits and constant self indulgences.

After printing off month after month of retaliatory evidence screen shots, I was informed that Shawna was forwarding a blog that I supposedly was involved in to all of her "crew." One of the young ladies who was always highly suspicious of Shawna's motives, was a high school girl named Peyton. Peyton was one of the only truly honest kids from the haunt, therefore it was not a surprise when Peyton began attacking all of the attackers with the IRS materials that showed Shawna was a charity scammer, and Shawna had approximately four hundred (400) kids get together and LIE TO YAHOO in order to silence me, by fabricating a false charge that I was harassing minor children. Yahoo did not care what the material facts were, and stripped me of the Yahoo mail, knowing damn well that it was a retaliatory criminal attack from a charity scammer against the person that reported the federal charity scams. Yahoo Legal told me that their policy choice was solid, since so many kids complained, and would not be reversed, thus Yahoo personally assisted Shawna in silencing her crime victim. As a result of Peyton pounding the daylights out of the juvenile Shawna army, who suddenly began to flake away, Shawna began threatening all of the bands that either publicly attacked, or else you were barred from playing for profit at Texas Scare Grounds. The aforementioned fake blog attack from the band "*Findings*" was the most notable. This pack of mean & nasty little egomaniacs, were even unable to refer to themselves as normal people. Any time this pack spoke publicly, they would proclaim, "*WE ARE FINDINGS*," as if they were the next set of Rolling Stones, without the musical talent.

Once I read the blog on Twitter THAT I DID NOT WRITE, and no idea it even existed for several months, I wrote to Twitter Chief Legal Counsel to inform the man of the legal ramifications of aiding and abetting a federal criminal retaliatory attack from a disgraced federal charity scammer and blatant thief, as stated in multiple F.O.I.A. results that I copied to Twitter as material proof. These written communications obtained through the Freedom of Information Act showed how Shawna was being picked apart by the City of Kennedale, where the haunted house resided. It was a far worse firetrap than I ever complained about, and the fire chief even told the city manager that they would all go to prison if they failed to take action and if I was proven correct by dozens of kids burning to death in such a run-down industrial dump. After the city of Kennedale ran off Shawna and put her firetrap out of business, and after Coors stopped the free beer, Shawna ran off angry with her tail between her legs, and now each city she has attempted to recreate the charity fraud in, has run her off over the last decade. I have included this criminal abuse of the "*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM*" since it was used against me by hundreds of attackers protecting a charity scammer, even though Shawna knew the truth from my child's tears. Half a dozen bands apologized over the years, & "*Findings*" is a pack of nobodies and no longer exists.

(14) THE FBI AGENT, SKILLENSTAD, MATTHEW FISHER, AMBER BRIXEY, REMAX CRIMINAL RETALIATION, ABUSE OF POWER - 'BIVENS ACTION' EXTORTION SCAM

This federal criminal abuse of power is not the chief material evidence factor of how the "SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM" has been knowingly, intentionally, and maliciously, abused by the FBI, and I can prove this in a court of law, and now please allow me to explain. While building a much needed and unaffordable school computer for my Cub Scout Summer and Day Camp Archery Instructor Debbie Gonzalez, for her then small son, I ordered a brand new 500G hard drive over EBay. The box arrived and the HD appeared to be used to me, so I placed the HD on a dock reader. To my surprise, not only was it not brand new, the HD contained a decades worth of data. Fearing that it was stolen by the rather sensitive contents, I found half a decade of tax returns. I tracked down the owner of the tax returns, Real Estate Agent Amber Brixey, and I contacted her, since that was not the name of the person who scammed me over the Internet by putting a used HD in a brand-new box. In addition to the tax returns and highly sensitive data, there were thousands of pictures, including hundreds of wedding pictures that Ms. Brixey informed me had been lost, and she would love to recover them. I thought I was doing the right thing, and I told Ms. Brixey to please send me a large capacity memory stick to copy all of her data to before I wipe the drive and install it in a child's new computer. This is where the entire situation went to crap, and once again reinforces the old adage, *'no good deed goes unpunished!'*

Instead of a USB memory stick, I was contacted by a very angry and rude individual who turns out to be the EBay scammer, Real Estate Agent Mathew Fisher, who was in fact a live in boyfriend of Amber Brixey. Mathew was extremely abusive and began making obnoxious demands and not asking, but telling me what I was going to do. Instead of a memory stick, I was ORDERED to place all of the data on back-up drive that Mathew had to retrieve from a storage locker. The drive arrived a week later and it was an older upright tabletop back-up terabyte drive. I plugged it in right away to get the obnoxious little man off my back, who was testing my good will to do any sort of favor for someone so pushy and rude. When Mathew called to confirm I received the drive, he actually had the nerve to threaten me with the reporting of a crime and that he would have me arrested if I intruded into "his data," contained within a hard drive he had just scammed me over. His logic was, that once he refunded the money he had ripped me off for, the drive no longer belonged to me, and he would put me in jail if I snooped into his crap. I never asked for the refund, and at that point, Matthew Fisher had just gotten on my very last nerve.

The old drive was slow, and after formatting it to run on a freshly built MAC PRO tower, the drive apparently overheated without warning. The table top drive suddenly began arcing off and while melting onto a molten blob and catching my antique wooden desk on fire, it created a high voltage spike, blowing out the wall socket, which caught on fire and almost burned the house down, and it blew back and fried the all new motherboards in my computer and also fried the five (5) 5000GB Hard Drives that I had just paid thousands for in a computer build that cost more than a car, and that was going to be a publishing business computer. When I informed Fisher of the melt down, he suffered a melt down of his own, and began to viciously threaten me. After examining the melted tabletop HD, I found a faded repair stamp that under examination, showed the drive had been previously repaired for **OVERHEATING**. Fisher knew it was junk, and the stingy control freak had to save a few pennies at my expense. Of course, Fisher was never going pay the \$25,000.00 plus in property damages, & that was when the FBI scam began.

After being repeatedly threatened, I pretty much grew tired of Mathews crap, and I spent an entire day wandering though the HD that he was angrily barring me from looking at. THEN, it became clear, as a public real estate agent for REMAX, Mather Fisher and Amber Brixey were not just sexual swingers; they were into pee fetish porn. They enjoyed urinating out in public and especially when it was committing public vandalism, NOW THE THREATS BECAME CLEAR. There were pictures of Mathew urinating down the escalator at Texas Ranger Stadium. I called the stadium maintenance people, and they told me that the unsolved crime did tens of thousands in damages, and was written off. When I told Fisher to pay for the crap he damaged or piss off and go away, I made a mistake and sarcastically told him that if he was too much of a selfish scumbag to pay for what he did, then at least the cheap bastard needed to make a donation to my Learning for Life Champion Field Day Carnival for Special Needs Children I have been funding and running for the past three (3) decades. Of course, I NEVER expected a penny from this arrogant ass. Approximately a week later FBI Special Agent John Skillenstad shows up at my door with a police detective and pushes his way into my home. Skillenstad and the officer who just sat and watched, and rarely said anything at all, Skillenstad began SCREAMING AT ME. He told me that a United States Attorney had sent me, and that I was about to be arrested for extortion. When I demanded to know the US Attorney's name since I knew Skillenstad was full of shit, he refused to tell me, and it all turned out to be a bald-faced lie, just as I had expected.

Skillenstad screamed at me for well over an hour and lectured me on how the drive no longer belonged to me, and very suspiciously repeated each and every one of Mathew Fishers threats verbatim. After a while, there was no doubt that this was a scam, and the FBI did not send this belligerent ass to scream at me as if I was some sort of impudent child to be scolded. Just to ensure I could nail this criminal abuser later in a formal criminal complaint to the FBI director, I began spelling out the entire federal criminal medical fraud crimes that I was being scammed with by and through the criminal perpetration of the "*SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM.*" The reaction that I received of shock and the sudden defensive posture assured me, that I was being scammed. With a long awkward pause, Skillenstad informed me that "*Sometimes Bad Things Happen To Good People!*" I have to admit, with that sarcastic delivery, it was hard to keep my composure. With a look of utter disbelief on the police detectives face on the show he just had a front seat to, the man was wholly speechless. In a panic, Skillenstad then began barking at me that I needed to tell him how much my losses were, even though we had already thoroughly covered that subject earlier, and when I reminded him of that, Skillenstad informed me that I would take three-hundred (\$300.00) dollars for my trouble, OR ELSE, for recovering the data. Skillenstad got up, and stomped out the door after stopping in the middle of the living room to threaten me that I better return the drive, since if he was forced to return, then I would be going to a federal prison. That night, I spent all night drafting a letter documenting the entire situation to the Dallas Director of the FBI. On May 15, 2012, I drove to Irving to meet with the Dallas FBI Director Casey, and while waiting in the lobby that morning, Skillenstad & another agent walked in to the main lobby. Skillenstad jerked to attention when he spotted me, and actually missed a step, while telling his partner, "*I am in trouble!*" No one would see me after sitting there for hours, and finally the clerk at the window took my letter and told me someone would get back with me, and of course, no one ever did. A week later, I wrote to the Director of the FBI in Washington. Later proven through an F.O.I.A., the FBI destroyed my complaint. Just to note, I discovered later that Fisher put a stop payment on the \$300.00 money order **BEFORE MAILING IT**, so it was truly an **FBI Financial FRAUD to Retrieve Federal Criminal Material Evidence for a Scammer.**

(15) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE FUTILE ATTEMPT AT HOLDING OUR FORMER CRIMINALLY CONSPIRATIVE PERSONAL INJURY LAWYER PATRICK W. POWERS AND HIS LAW FIRM RESPONSIBLE FOR SEVERE LEGAL MALPRACTICE IN THE DALLAS STATE DISTRICT COURT OF DISGRACED JUDGE GENA SLAUGHTER

We filed in Dallas State District Court in a absurd attempt to avoid corrupt Tarrant County Judges such as John Chupp and Don Cosby. This stunningly turned out to be a case that now proves the federal criminal level hypocrisy of how wholly corrupt and unwavering Texas courts are towards the hatred of Pro Se Litigants. This all took place while I was severely ill from the very same Burkholderia Infection that Powers aided and abetted Rockline, and Sam's Club to lie, cheat, scheme and scam their way out of. This means that Powers law firm, that Powers bragged fully supported him, was able to take full advantage of my hospitalization to weasel their way out of taking responsibility for their actions and their child abuse injury to a child criminal behavior. Powers claimed that his firm was behind him, yet they cut him loose soon after they came to realize what federal crimes that Powers had committed against a minor child client, and wanted no part of Powers, and basically threw him under the bus before exposure.

Judge Slaughter allowed the firm to walk away scot free, never allowed me to even file a response, and Slaughter clearly went out of her way to protect every criminal aspect of my former lawyer Patrick W. Powers. I foolishly prepared for trial and I made sure that the Dallas court reporter would be present so that when Power lied, I could use it against him. I was nothing but a fool when it came to trusting the courts when it comes to the standardized court required destruction of a CREATED Pro Se Litigant. I wheeled in my large travel case that all of the indexed and bullet pointed documents for a jury trial that were neatly placed in chronological order. When I pulled on the courtroom door handle, the courtroom was locked. I heard a voice from the other side, so I waited a moment until a court Bailiff opened the door, held it open for me, then slid past me while sarcastically wishing me "*Good Luck!*" The Bailiff was still laughing when he locked the door on the way out. The courtroom was completely empty, and the only people present was Powers' obnoxiously smart mouth lawyer Peyton Healey standing in front of the bench to the left, and Judge Slaughter, sitting at the bench while inappropriately having a conversation with Healey. As I approached the bench I was met with a rather hateful sneer from Judge Slaughter as she leaned over the bench and inquired from Healey, "*Is that him?*" Healey answered with a snicker, then Healey only spoke for a few minutes in one long lie to a court about how I had scammed Sam's Club over baby wipes and got caught, and now I am trying to blame my former lawyer for my unsuccessful abuse of my family and my children.

I angrily began to present my case after struggling with all the files since we were not allowed to sit at the litigant's tables, and I was forced to stand before the judicial bench. While I was sifting through documents, I was cut off and Judge Slaughter ruled with a dismissal with extreme prejudice. Of course, no court reporter was present, and no court record was available in order to prevent me from drafting any sort of perfected appeal. I was scammed out of my legal action, and Judge Slaughter knowingly and maliciously allowed Powers to escape severe legal malpractice that allowed a child to suffer horribly, and Powers did not care, as long as he and Healey lied their way out of it! BUT, after I complained to the state about the judicial misconduct scam, I was told Pro Se Complaints have no value, and are not valid. A few years later, Slaughter pulled the same scam on a pack of lawyers, and was suspended from the bench!

(16) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE FEDERAL CITIZENS-ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND FEDERAL CRIMINAL BRIBERY AND CRIMINAL DEPRIVATION OF CIVIL RIGHTS SCAM INVOLVING TEXAS ATTORNEY GENERAL ABBOTT AND TARRANT COUNTY D.A. WILSON AND BRIBED POLICE DETECTIVE STEELE THAT THE DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

This was NOT a federal civil litigation, it is an entire series of federal crimes and federal criminally conspirative actions and are amazingly contained upon a federal court record, and no one in federal law enforcement cares. Even when complaining about Federal Judicial misconduct, even the Supreme Court of the United States ignored this crime. This case should have led to the federal prosecution of no less than two (2) Texas Governors (Perry and Abbott), one (1) Texas Attorney General (now Paxton, then Abbott), a Texas State District Court Judge, (John Chupp), a Tarrant County Court Reporter (Tina Fett), Tarrant County Chief Clerk (Thomas Wilder), Tarrant County District Attorney (Sharon Wilson), and Collection Agency Owner Shawn K. Brady and the Brady Collection Firm. The only accurate description for all that have reviewed this case is, LIE, AFTER LIE, AFTER LIE, AFTER LIE, AFTER LIE, AFTER LIE, then medical child abuse fraud perpetrated in full view and full criminal complicity of the Tarrant County D.A. Wilson, who at this time was culpably aware of the bribery of Everman Police Detective Steele to destroy federal criminal material evidence. Thus, both Governors provided criminal protection for the “SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM” and thus allowed a decade of children and seniors to be infected, sickened, and DIE. This case proves beyond a shadow of doubt as to just how vitriolic the hatred is towards Pro Se Litigants, despite the fact that the Constitution of the United States of America guarantees access to the courts, but now, that means absolutely NOTHING ANYMORE! The federal court file should actually be the basis of a formal federal criminal investigation, directly pursuant to the fact that it would take more than a dozen pages to spell out the entire criminal aspect of the case that was meant to protect a corrupt judge through Federal Criminal Conspiracy, and through Federal Criminal level Perjury, and Suborning Perjury of Federal Civil Rights Defendant in order to conceal an entire series of Federal Criminal Acts and Criminal Level Deprivation of Federal Civil, Constitutional, and even basic human rights.

For only the purposes of a brief generalization of this federal conspiracy crime, I will only touch on a few points of interest, to those first timers to this long term criminal subject that Democrats are wholly responsible for. At first, you need to be made aware of the “*good old boy corruption factor*” that Democrats in the 1980’s made notorious. Judge Chupp was not a viable or proper judicial candidate, his appointment was a personal back door favor to Judge Chupp’s mommy who was a personal friend of Governor Perry, so one hand washes the other, and THIS IS WHY Perry LIED TO ME IN WRITING and told me in response to my request to remove Chupp from the bench, and thus lied by telling me that a Texas Governor is not able to remove a corrupt judge from the bench. Just remember, this is a corrupt judge who handled his lawyer friend’s case personally and acted as the Plaintiff, and treated me as a lowlife criminal and even placed me in debtors’ prison by having my house surrounded by armed Constables to threaten me out of an appeal, that I was told I would be appealing from the Texas Penitentiary. I was held without bond or charged and I was not allowed to file any motions or even challenge what I was being attacked with. Later a complaint to Abbott was met with “*The Governor cannot help with your legal problems.*” A.G. Abbott perjuring himself to a Federal Court was my legal problem!

(17) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE FEDERAL COPYRIGHT/IP THEFT LITIGATION AGAINST THEN U.S. GOVERNMENT NSA SPYING/MILITARY CONTRACTOR GOOGLE, DEMOCRAT ORDERED CRIMINAL RETALIATION, INTENTIONAL IP THEFT THAT DEMOCRATS ARE WEAPONISING FOR OUR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION

Directly pursuant to the material fact that lying to a federal court to conceal a series of federal crimes is a crime in itself, then this case was a FEDERAL CRIME FROM THE VERY START. Once again, the criminal facts were from Senator Coburn and several other elected officials after the federal criminal '*Fraud Upon The Court*' that was committed during the *Avdeef V. Google* criminal fraud. To date, every lawyer, publisher, and Author that has contacted me to inquire with the average question of "*How in the Hell did Google get away with stealing your book?*" and ever more shocking, everyone wants to know, "*Was the court in on it?*" Even though every casual observer can see that Google launched a criminal fraud to diminish a Pro Se litigant from the very first violation of a federal court order and all the acts of criminal perjury contained with the very first written reply filed with the court. Instead of describing the entire case, this crime is so clear, that even teenager doing book reports asked; "*Is everyone at Google as much of a thief as the Google people that scammed you?*" Pursuant to Chief Counsel Walker ignoring this, the answer is YES. Therefore, I will just slide through some of the federal crimes that according to multiple U.S. Senators & Congressmen, Google was ordered as a Government contractor, and thus a direct branch of the U.S. Government, and was instructed by Eric Holder's Democrats to destroy me as a possible threat to the dangerously volatile Democrat corruption, leading through former FDA Director Dr. Hamburg, directly linked to former President Obama.

As a quick backstory of how Google are basically global thieves that have no respect for global Copyright laws, and even less respect for our form of legal system, Google has spent decades attempting to completely destroy Copyright as we know it out of Socialist greed. Within weeks of the release of my first novel through self publishing, just as almost every famous Author has done for decades in order to gain public notice and notoriety and get your first work out there, I noticed that Google was ILLEGALLY GIVING AWAY A FULL VIEW PDF OF MY COPYRIGHTED NOVEL. I gave Google the benefit of the doubt, and thought it may have just been a corporate mistake, so I contacted Google, and they took prompt action. My book was removed, and all was good. Then some time later, it happened again. I contacted Google once again this time writing directly to Google VP and Chief Legal Counsel David Drummond, who took immediate action, and problem solved again. Then while one of my Cub Scouts, then Boy Scout, Bill (*Trey*) White III, who was stationed in Iraq in the U.S. Army, Trey and his squad that I had adopted to send needed supplies to every month in a thirty-five lb. box of needed goodies, started commenting on how good my Mars novel was. When I asked how they managed to read a novel without a single book store anywhere in a war-torn country, I was told multiple times that they all read it on a DOD (Department of Defense) server, even though no one, including my own Publisher LULU Press, ever obtained my express permission to give my hard work away for free. I would thankfully discover later on, that my wife was suspicious of Google, and during the second violation, my wife took a screenshot in 2007 that proves once and for all that Google republished my book, thus Stole my Copyright, and at the end of this summation, you will see that same material evidence of an entire series of federal and INTERNATIONAL CRIMES, and proof that the U.S. Government needs to pay for U.S. Contractor Google's theft. A note about McBryde, his SEVERE abuse of discovery when he was a lawyer, forced radical rule changes.

With the very first written response, Google Vice President and Chief Legal Counsel David Drummond **LIED TO A UNITED STATES FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT Across State Lines In Order To Criminally Conceal The Theft Of A U.S. Citizen's Federally Protected Copyright.** Then the case got off to a roaring set of federal crimes. Perjurious VP Drummond, who was later terminated from Google after I wrote to Paige & Brin over the crimes that Drummond just committed, Google branded Drummond as a Philandering Liar, and canned him from Google. That in fact, proves that Drummond is a liar, but that did not make Google tell the truth when it came to being ordered to steal my Copyright by vindictive politicians. Drummond sent Shana Stanton who was Chief of the Litigation Department at Google, to what was a SETTLEMENT NEGOTIATION MEETING! The first words out of Stanton's mouth was, "*I have no right to settle this case!*" Are you kidding me! Remember, it was a court ordered Settlement Hearing. I immediately filed a '*Motion for Sanctions*' for Google maliciously violating a court order, and of course, McBryde was NEVER going to believe a Pro Se Litigant, and McBryde proved this later on amazingly on the court record. Of course, Stanton LIED her ass off, and got away with criminally derailing the entire case, THEN THE SCAM BEGAN, once they saw I needed to be destroyed before I eventually nailed Google for stealing. Google even LIED about my novel being Copyrighted, thus proclaiming that self-published books have no value! After searching through all of the filing cabinets, my wife finally located the Google '*Full view*' page that had been printed off the Internet years earlier. I scanned the Google criminal evidence of theft on our crappy little \$39.00 printer that had a rubber roller that would drag the paper in crooked. The panic over evidence of a crime that should have ended the case in summary judgment right then and there, Google began a criminal smear campaign to destroy the evidence of a federal crime that the Democrats ordered out of spite and hatred for a political dissenter. Just as predicted, the PDF I was forced to attach was smeared, the court was aware of the limitation of my resources, and it was due to the very theft of my ENTIRE CAREER BY GOOGLE! Stanton hired a **fake document examiner to not just accuse me of federal document fraud, but the fake examiner proclaimed it as a fact to the court.** I was then ordered by the court to present the document to the FAKE document examiner at the criminally complicit Law Firm of Phelps & Dunbar. It was absolutely hysterical to watch this FAKER spend hours squinting and squirming with her assistant to prove what the FAKER had already stuck her neck out with a fraudulent accusation. FAKE Document Scammer Linda James, has no certification and her credentials were fabricated in Linda James' living room, and she therefore belongs in a federal prison, along with Bailey, Jones, Stanton, Drummond, and new Chief Legal Counsel Kent Walker, who has covered-up the crimes. The scamming lawyer hid the authentication of the '*Full view*' Federal Criminal Material Evidence, then Google began attacking me with the Judge Lindsay memorandum in order to falsely smear me in order to slander and defame me to the court, rather than lose to something as lowly as a Pro Se Litigant, even after Stanton sneered at me that she could not fathom someone like me fighting something as mighty as Google, as she was treating me like something she had just found on the bottom of her shoe. The court sanctioned hatred of Pro Se Litigants was confirmed by Judge McBryde calling me an extortionist in a hearing, when he referred to my demands to stop stealing my work to Google "*bordered on extortion*" yet, when a lawyer or a law firm sends a cease and desist letter, or formal demand for theft compensation, that is wholly proper. This now means that a Pro Se is a criminal extortionist, and a lawyer is doing good! The hypocrisy is stunning, and the rest of the case is a sick joke. I begged McBryde not to end my career, but he was told to destroy me in order to protect fellow Judge Lindsay, and was doing what he was told by Judge Means.

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by Alfred de Vigny - 1907
She had just sent forth her last breath in the public street, in the arms of the reverend Father Mignon, canon; and we have learned from the said father ...

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by Stephen Avdeef - Fiction - 2006 - 428 pages
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[Princess of Mars - Page 108](#)

by Burroughs, Edgar Rice - Fiction - 2004 - 256 pages
Dejah Thoris caught her breath at my last words, and gazed upon me with dilated eyes and quickening breath, and then, with an odd little laugh, ..

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[The King's Minion: Richelieu, Louis XIII, and the Affair of Cinq-Mars - Page 7](#)

by Philippe Erlanger - 1972 - 247 pages
New companies had been added to the King's Guard, and Cinq-Mars was given the ... his Minister saying, "Be assured that I shall love you to my last breath. ...

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[Third Person Singular - Page 116](#)

by K. J. Erickson - Fiction - 2002
The last time Mars spoke with Bobby, Bobby said he'd be in England for most of the summer and ... "I've already got one," he said under his breath to Mars, ...

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<http://books.google.com/books?q=the+last+breath+of+mars>

8/3/2007

Here is the material evidence proof that U.S. Gov/NSA Contractor Google stole my Copyright. I now demand that Congress order the U.S. Treasury immediately remit criminal restitution for the entire fifty (50) year malicious diminishment & devaluation of my Copyright = \$899,000,000.00

Formal Documentation To The Federal Bureau of Investigation of In Person Democrat Retaliation Committed By Unknown Federal Agents

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(18) BRIEF CASE SUMMATION OF THE CITY OF FORT WORTH JUDY LACKER
FEDERAL CRIMINAL RETALIATION, CRIMINAL DEPRIVATION OF CIVIL RIGHTS,
JUDICIAL MISCONDUCT, PROSECUTORIAL MISCONDUCT, TEXAS STATE AND
MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION, FEDERAL CORRUPTION FRAUD CONSTITUTIONAL AND
HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATION BLACKMAIL, EXTORTION SCAM THAT THE
DEMOCRATS PLAN ON WEAPONISING FOR CRIMINAL DESTRUCTION PURPOSES

This entire set of federal retaliatory and federal criminal deprivation of federal civil rights now directly ties the Federal Criminal Johnson County Bullware life destroying scam directly to the subsequent and direct cause and effect creation of the “SAM-PAM & GARY SCAM” as so forth originally named by Senator Tom Coburn, and as medical doctor first, corruption disgusted politician second. After Judy Lacker from the Bullware Scam was finally terminated from McLean Sanders for stealing work product privileged files from her former boss lawyer, Dan Foster, who Judy later scammed out of a mortgage on a house in Arlington Texas, Judy went to work for the City Attorney’s Office for the City of Fort Worth. Once Judy ran across my extremely rare last name of Avdeef, in which there are only five (5) Avdeef’s in the entire State of Texas, the all-new retaliatory scam began. Judy met with a young and gullible Fort Worth Prosecutor named Melanie Houston, and had Houston commit an entire series of federal crimes.

To make a long story as short as possible, and pursuant to the fact that there are multiple criminal complaint documents that the DOJ has possession of, and refused to act upon, I will just skip over the facts. I was returning home from living almost five (5) months at the Ronald McDonald House in where our brand new 2014 Nissan Cube (all that we could afford) sat locked up in the secured parking lot, therefore the Cube still had the Dealer Paper plates on the vehicle by default. On the way to Sam’s Club pharmacy to obtain the laundry list of pills for my sick child sitting in the back seat, I was pulled over for 30MPH in a 40MPH zone, that the speed limit had been 40 for the previous few decades. Improperly hiding behind a set of shrubs and behind a split rail fence on private property, I was given a paper plate and ten (10) MPH citations, from the driveway of one of my friends from Scouting, so I was very familiar with the roadway.

Taking the absurdity to court, I foolishly assumed that this was a matter of showing that the City of Fort Worth lacked the legal authority to even change the speed limit on a whim on that particular roadway in a rural route. I filed a “*Motion To Dismiss With Prejudice*” based upon an extremely clear and concise ‘*Prima Facie*’ case. Instead of abiding by the rule of law, both Prosecutor Houston and Municipal Judge Reyes began smirking and lightly laughing, and both in unison informed me that, “*material evidence is not allowed to be presented at a pre-trial evidentiary hearing!*” Attempting to prevent my bursting out laughing at that bald faced lie that was a documentable act of ‘*Ex Parte*’ Judicial/Prosecutorial Misconduct and a act of stripping a U.S. citizen of their Constitutional Right to a fair trial in a criminal matter, I followed along with the scam, while already composing the “*Motion to Recuse and the Motion For New Trial*” motions that I would file, then file a Texas Corruption Complaint with the Texas A.G. The scam went on, and I immediately pled “*No Contest*” on the court record, but that did not stop corrupt Prosecutor Houston from continuing to place obnoxiously dishonest and perjured testimony from the Fort Worth Police Officer who actually claimed that he did not need a radar gun and he could tell how fast a vehicle was going, and people can be prosecuted from this un-provable magical ability. Whether a minor crime or murder, a crime is a crime, and the law is the law, regardless.